

SEPTEMBER,

1865.



T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
223 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TERMS—\$2.50 per annum, in advance. 3 copies for \$6. 5 copies, and one to gutter-up of club \$10. 9 copies, and one to gutter-up of club, \$15.

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THE NEW BOY.



THE PEEK PARTY.

VOL. XXV. II





THE FIRST PARTY.



1851 FEB 10



EMBROIDERY.



CHILD'S DRESS.

The material is oak-colored merino, trimmed with bands of black leather studded with large steel buttons.

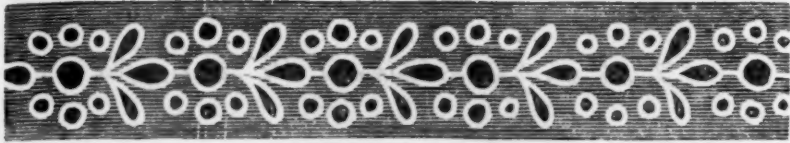


POPLIN DRESS.

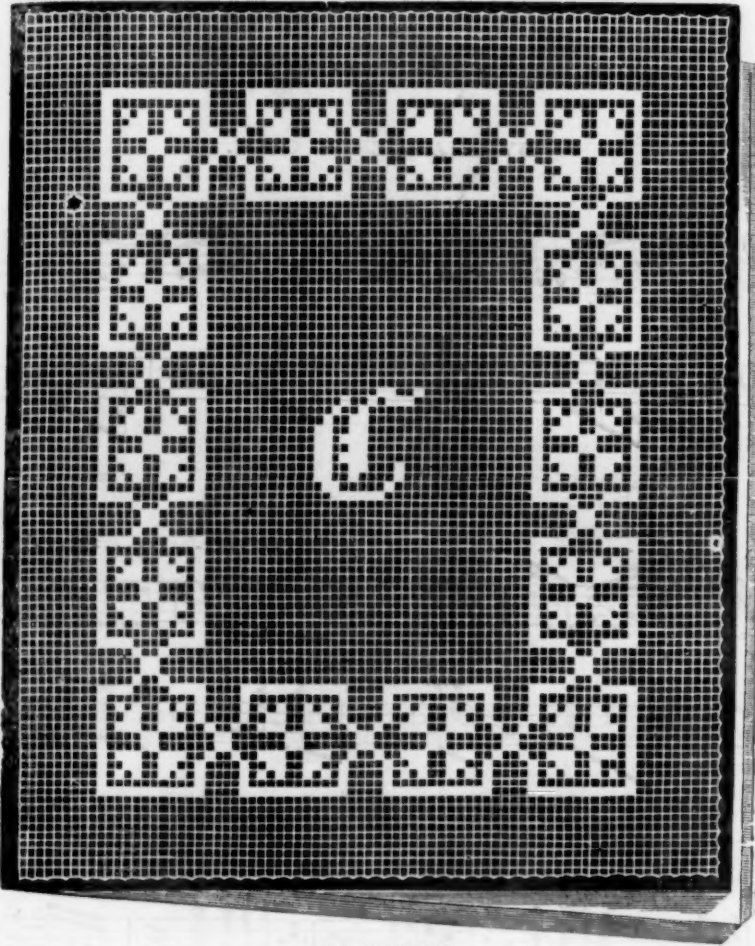
Steel-colored poplin, trimmed with bands of black velvet, braided with white, and finished with large steel buckles.



NAME FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERED BAND.



NEEDLE BOOK.



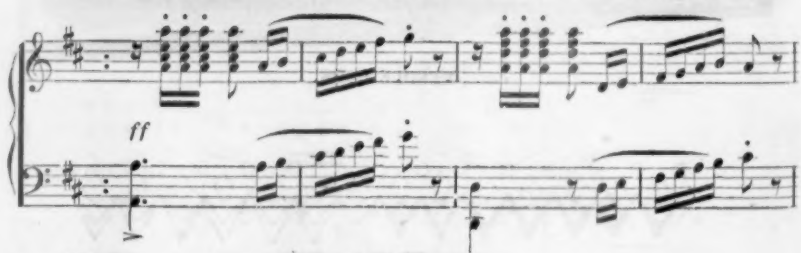
EDGING.

To Miss Martha Ratineau, St. Louis, Mo.

INGOMAR SCHOTTISCHE.

Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

BY CHARLES W. OHM.



First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The dynamic marking *mf* is present. The system concludes with the word "Fine." and a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation, marked "TRIO." in the treble staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth notes, while the bass staff has a steady accompaniment of chords. The dynamic marking *p* is indicated.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with eighth notes, and the bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment with chords.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melody with eighth notes, and the bass staff has a steady accompaniment of chords. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth notes, and the bass staff has a steady accompaniment of chords. The system concludes with the instruction "D. C. al Fine." and a double bar line.



Skirt of violet and white striped silk, with the edge scalloped. The overdress is of violet and white Chinese silk, open in front, and turned back with *revers*; it is also looped all round the skirt with patent pins. The trimming consists of bias bands of silk the same as the underskirt, and large white onyx buttons studded with gold. Rice straw bonnet, trimmed with a fall of white lace and violet colored flowers.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1865.

THE POOR MAN'S ANGEL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

The man threw down his crook, black with the filth of the streets, and kicked the loose pile of garbage from which he was to select the choicer particles on the morrow, into the corner of the room. A desolate, unpainted, unwashed place it was, as ever human eye looked upon—yet, intolerable as it might have been to the finer sensibilities of cultivated manhood, a glorious angel condescended to its poverty, and stood on one side by the head of a little sleeper who had thrown herself upon the bare floor by the smoky fire-place.

The man who was talking to Jake, an avowed atheist, whose influence over his weaker companion had always been injurious, caught that moment's revealed brightness, and as he did he sighed, repeating the words, "it seems to me this world's a mighty mean place."

"I say, Jake, are you there?" called the last comer.

A response growled from the interior.

"Yes."

"And Nanny?"

"Here, asleep."

The man came forward trembling either with drink or cold, brushing the damp, mouldy walls with his lean fingers as he staggered on.

"I say, Jake, it's been a hard day, eh?"

"Days are always hard;" replied the unshorn vagabond—whose blood-shot eyes glanced up from under a mass of ragged hair, "aint you got used to it? I am."

"Can't say I have, Jake—fact is I begin to see things different from what I did. There's Nanny, now—she's a pretty little lass enough, and a bright. A many that ride in their carriages aint no better or prettier—well, well, it seems to me this world's a mighty mean place."

Now, unseen by them, of course, the grand brow of the angel grew more beautiful with heavenly brightness. She held one hand over

the face of the little sleeper, and the sweet features lighted up in spite of their grime, and the disorderly masses of rich hair that trained in curls would have been soft, and bright, and golden.

The man who was talking to Jake, an avowed atheist, whose influence over his weaker companion had always been injurious, caught that moment's revealed brightness, and as he did he sighed, repeating the words, "it seems to me this world's a mighty mean place."

"The world's good enough—it's the people that's in it," responded the would be philosopher. "Take a little brandy and forget the world."

"Well, I don't know—I tell you," said the poor man—"here's this cold weather. If a man has to work to keep the bread inside his mouth jest see how it treats him. Here I am pinched up with the cold—no overcoat, no warm, thick clothes, and when I go out it seems as if the wind owed me a spite, and jest whistles through my bones 'cause it knows it hurts. Then there's the earth that you crack up so, mother-earth, as you call it, don't yield me nothing but rags and refuse, and the scum of everything. Only them as gets pay can have the corn and potatoes. If I should ask anything of it 'twould only give me a pavin' stone, 'cording to Scripiter."

"We manage to get a little of the good stuff," responded the other, producing an ordinary bottle—but some strange influence was on the other; he shook his head—perhaps the shining angel was drawing a little nearer his soul. The evil face that leered from the clouds

thickly enveloping the other—had no power just then beyond his immediate victim.

"There's the nature you talk of so grand, and call it the 'great essence,' and what not—it's all mighty pretty, perhaps," the man went on, "if a body has time to enjoy it—but then it rains, hails, thunders, and snows, and nature likes to drip down them cracks in the wall, and blow through every place where there's a loose board. Nature don't give me a coat to wear, nor make me a pair of thick stockings—nor no nice warm woollens for that poor child there. No, Jake, I'll give in—I aint got as much book larnin' as you have, 'cause I know you've been a gentleman once, and is reduced to such as this, and men like I; but I'll be blistered if I don't think there's a better place than this somewheres. P'raps you're honest when you says you don't believe there's no God, and nature's our mother, an' all that—but it don't give a poor fellow any consolation when he aint got no bread and butter—that's so," and the man folded his arms and gazed with contemplative sadness into the miserable embers. He had a rough, honest, but undecided face—he had a poor, weak nature, that was easily acted on for good or bad, and seemed to need only some steady, watchful influence—some strong hand to guide, until the changeful mind could be turned in its habits of thought and purpose.

Jake looked at him once, sneeringly. That man was lost—he had surrounded himself with evil—he had wrapped the drapery of sin about him, with many a curious, complicated fold, of whose windings only the spirits of evil had the clue.

"Now, when I was a little one," said the poor man, with a sigh, "I had a good mother; yes, Jake, I did so. I've known the time when she was that hungry she jest cried like a baby, and then dryin' her tears she jest down and prayed to the Lord as if she could see Him—that He'd send us bread to keep us from starving. And He sent it."

"Don't believe it. All a yarn."

"Well, I guess if you'd gone hungry twenty-four hours, you'd a believed that bread was bread and not yarn, when you'd got it. I tell you somebody brought a basket to the door, and it was filled to the top with everything we wanted. 'There, Bob,' says my mother, says she to me, 'don't never forgit to pray to the Lord;' but I havn't minded her—no, not onct—as I know of."

He hid his face in his hands and the beautiful presence bent still nearer to him, and the

sleeping child so dimly seen in the weak fire-light, smiled again.

"Come, come, you're down-spirited, man—take a sip of the brandy, there'll be none here in a few minutes—don't be a fool, I tell you. If God cared for you—saying there was such a one, would he let you grovel as you do in misery and poverty, while others have every-thing heart can wish?"

"'Twont do for you to talk to me that ere way, Jake, though I knows you're a big eight cleverer than I be, or ever will. But I saw something once that was worth more to me than all you can say. What was that? Why, it were my poor wife a dying. The poor thing! I hadn't been over kind to her, Jake—it were along of my spreeing habits, you see, jest regularly giving of myself over to the old one, for mighty poor pay, I tell you. Well, she had the rough word many's the time, poor soul! and a rough life of it altogether. But when she died she jest said the lovingest things about heaven and forgivin' me every wicked action I'd did; and said she saw blessed angels, and was going to her father in glory. You may laugh at me if you like for me taking on so like a baby, but when I think o' her, and see poor little Nanny that'll mabbe grow up in sin and shame—I'm like to die with my feel-ins."

"Look how God's took care of me? say you. Better say look how you've took care of yourself. Better say, Bob, you've spent money enough in drink, and tobaccy, and bettin', and treating, and foolin' in your younger days, to have a nice little house over your head—and a living wife, too—and that baby there, dressed in decent clothes. I swear if there's such a thing as a better life, I'm going to find it. I'll not be drawn into believin' your wicked notions, though you do know a power more than me—hillo! bless me, has the girl seen something?"

The atheist turned, and there sat little Nanny, with shining eyes and lifted hands.

"What is it, girl?" cried her father, shaking her a little.

"Oh! pa, the house—it was *your* house," gasped the child, turning slowly round to him.

"Wake up, Nanny, wake up."

"And there was flowers in the garden, and great high trees, and a real stove in the kitchen, and the sun shone there," the child drew a long breath. "And, and a great angel sat there with silver wings."

"Why, what is the little one talking about? Why don't you tell, Nanny?"

"She's got a fever," growled Jake.

"And the door opened and mammy came in all a smiling. And she went and opened the closet and there was great big loaves of bread, and tins full of sweet things, and then she put them on the table and gave me a great pitcher of milk, and I drank it all up—oh!" and a weary sigh closed the description, for the child was hungry.

"You've got a fever," growled Jake.

"And you wasn't there," cried the little one, in a spirited voice. "I guess we left you down in the city—I guess we did."

"Well, I didn't want to be there, neither," growled the atheist.

"Pa?"

"Well, Nanny?"

"What was the big light when I waked up?"

"The big light, child?"

"Yes, over there—oh! it was like a fire. I'm cold," and she shivered,

"Come up here on the hearth, Nanny."

The child, now thoroughly awake, crept towards the smouldering and scant warmth. She gathered herself between her father's knees, at his feet, and her sad eyes opened wide on here and there one red ruby-like coal. There was a thought of beauty in that wan face—a possibility that if health and happiness might but throw tints and touches here and there some wondrous limning waited development. The scene was picturesque now—Jake, the hardened ruffian, who scrupled not to pick men's pockets or enter a house at midnight—and perhaps would not have troubled himself if by a chance or well directed blow he had sent a soul into the eternal world. Bob, not quite hardened, lowering, gloomy, penitent—the child, crouched elf-like, with untrained locks curling and clinging to thin, sharp shoulders, and large troubled eyes with dark shadows under them—a few spirals of fog-like smoke, here and there a meagre tongue of fire hungrily lapping the cheerless black bricks behind—the large room in completest shade beyond—one bit of candle burning to the end, and unseen by mortal eyes the good and evil battling for a human soul.

Before they could think, look or speak, the little group was suddenly surrounded. Grim and tall, revolver in hand, stood one who wore the badge of a police officer; two or three determined faces brought up the rear. The child cowered under her father's knee, and her eyes seemed sparks of fire—like an animal enraged, she was ready to do battle for the only thing she loved.

"You are Jake Ingalls," said a deep voice, addressing the criminal, who dared not move, though his savage face grew more brutal.

"We have had a long search for you, and we know you. Jim, where are the handcuffs?"

"And these are his accomplices," said one of the men, as he fastened the formidable irons on the brawny, dangerous hands.

"God knows I've done nothing evil," cried the rag-picker, his face white with terror, "and the child never stole the vally of a crust. She'd too good a mother for that. See! that's the way I live!" he pointed to the pile of rags in the corner. One of the men carelessly poked it with his stick; out rolled a small silver mug, of an elegant antique design.

"Aha!" cried the policeman—"aha! that's the way you live, is it?"

"Oh, pa! how pretty! where'd you get it?" cried little Nanny.

"Come, hold off; don't touch him for that," cried Jake, his fierce eyes flashing hate and defiance as he stood there, a chained tiger: "that's my doing; *he* knew nothing about it. The pile's been gathering for a week, and I used it to put *my* pickings in; I tell you he knows nothing about it."

"I take it that's a valuable pile," said one of the men, "if it holds out as it begins. We'll see to it to-morrow; meanwhile, these people must all go to the station-house. Maybe your oath will clear him," he added, turning to Jake, "but your word wont—not with me, my fine fellow."

"As you please; he's given me shelter when nobody else would, and I'll clear him," he added, with a terrible oath.

The next day saw the poor rag-picker at liberty. Somebody had taken pity on him, and given him and the child a hearty meal. The rags were bundled up in their corner again, for nothing more was found of value, and the crook or picker in his hands as Nanny followed him into the street.

"Oh, there she be!" cried the child, turning a corner. The rag-picker looked up. A plain, lady-like woman stood near, talking to a dirty child.

"Who is it, Nanny?"

"Oh, I don't know; but she spoke so kind to I," murmured the child, breathlessly.

"Ah! here is the little girl I saw yesterday," said the stranger. "Well, my dear, did you ask your father about the school?"

"Oh, I forgot!" cried the child, shame-faced. "Daddy come home late, and then I went to sleep, too; and then—and then——"

"I'm her father, ma'am."

"Oh, you are. I wonder if you would let this child go to school?"

"God knows I would, ma'am." There was no mistaking the sudden gratitude that threw softness and beauty into that rugged face."

"Why, I'm really glad to hear you say that."

"She's no mother, ma'am, her clothes is mighty poor, you see; but I'd die to save her from the streets." The man's voice trembled. Here was genuine emotion.

"She shall have clothes—good clothes. You're sure you'd not pawn them, for —"

"I'm not quite sure of myself, ma'am," he said, in a dejected voice; "but," and that sudden lighting up changed his homely face again, "I'm sure that I want to do better some way, and give over my bad habits. I can't live my life over again—I wish I could; but if you'd only save that child, ma'am! she—she'd a good mother."

"I'll take your name, and the place where you live," said the lady, with sudden animation. There was something in that quivering lip—in the tears glistening on the lashes—"Will you be at home to-morrow?" She named a certain hour, and the man promised.

That night poor Bob was strangely light-hearted. The room was as poor, as meagre of comfort, as cold as ever, but there was no dark presence there—the ministering demon, that held captive the poor burglar's senses, and his soul in strong thrall had gone with him to the prison, and the glorious angel no eye saw lightened the rag-picker's cheerless heart.

Little Nanny sat on his lap. She was a precocious child, cunning even in her wickedness, for the poor, forlorn thing had long been in the midst of evil influences.

"I'm thinking," she said, seriously, "I'd be good if I was with her."

"With who, child?"

"The lady we saw."

"We're both wicked enou," sighed the father. "Wish I were better, for thy sake."

"My fingers itched to slap Kate to-day, because she found a little ring. I could a' done it, and taken it from her, for she's a weak thing; but I didn't—I didn't. Something said nay, and I didn't."

"God bless ye, child!"

Nanny looked up in surprise.

"He who went you told me there was no God."

"But there is a God, Nan; and mind ye, I

know. There's a God will punish us, if we're wicked, and smile on us if we're good. Yer mammy taught ye so, child. Do you mind, you used to say a prayer nights, to her."

"It's long ago," replied the child, musingly.

"Yes, three long year, and ye were but five. Ye've forgotten the prayer—forgotten about it all, I'll warrant."

"No, not all," cried Nanny, with shining eyes—"I prays now, when I think of it—'Lord, take my soul!' but the rest I've forgot."

"And never forgit agen—always say it, Nan. You poor man's in prison for his sins.

Ye'll go to prison, mayhap, if ye grow up in evil, as we've been going. Oh, Nan! some of them women—oh, girl! it'd break my heart to see ye foul and dirty like them."

"I'll never be!" cried Nanny, with spirit.

"And, Nan, we must give over swearing; we both know what comes of it."

"But it's jolly," cried poor Nan, "to get all the boys a cursing!"

"Oh, Nanny! ye'll never be aught but wicked!" cried her father, sorrowfully.

"Yes I will; I'll not swear, father." Then she stopped, and added cautiously—"If they'll not swear at me." And so ended that lesson.

The angel through all stood there on their right, steadfastly regarding them, and when they slept, she touched the child's forehead again, and her dreams were purified.

The next day came the strange visitor.

"I have taken an interest in you," she said, not disdaining to sit in the broken chair which Nanny wiped assiduously, "and my father wants some one to tend a little place for him in the country. There is a gardener there, who will tell you what to do. You and the child will have a home and good food. But this girl must be kept clean, and I will give her clothes. She must be sent regularly to school. She must be taught good habits and behaviour, and how to work. Molly Stetson, the gardener's wife, will take excellent care of her, and if she tries very hard, she may yet make a good scholar, and support herself handsomely. You shall have two dollars a week and a home? What do you think of my plan?"

"Oh, mam! I think—I think," gasped poor Bob, "that there's a God, and He's good to me."

"And you, little Nan—will you like a country home—will you try to be neat and clean?"

"Yes, I will," was the prompt response

"May I have a garden?"

"Yes, and as many flowers and as much fruit as you like, if you will only try to be good."

The child turned to her father, the tears streaming down her cheeks, as she half sobbed—"Oh, wont it be jolly?"

God was proving Himself to this repentant man—a Father, who pities and forgives. The prayer of a dying wife had been answered—she had never forgotten the poor, humble workers on this side the grave.

They went to the cottage on the farm. It was neat—even beautiful, with its bowers of honeysuckle and climbing roses. The great house could be seen through the trees; but here all the dairy-work was done. Nanny was as happy as the day was long. Bob was industrious, serious and thoughtful. His thought bore fruit. He proved himself something more than a mere farm laborer. There was some magic about him; he could manage the bees, of which there was a score of hives; they clustered round him, and never stung. He constructed hives that were a great im-

provement upon the old methods; they brought him in money, and he bought bees. These Nanny and he cared for with such good results, Nanny still going to school, that in the course of four or five years he had silver laid away to buy enough land to make a man with his small wants independent. And so the years went by, and Nanny grew up into a handsome, resolute, notable woman, well educated, and with many ladylike accomplishments. Bob was now called Mr. Walley, and his employer, the father of the young lady who first called his attention to the poor family, entrusted him with much of his business, finding him an honest, conscientious, God-fearing man.

No one would recognize in the well-dressed, sturdy land-owner—in the elegant, thrifty Mrs. Dr. Winans, for Nancy has achieved that dignity, the group in the darkened room watched over by the strong angel whose mission transformed them. The poor wretch who knew not God, nor regarded man, died in prison, and there were no tears at his funeral.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

WILLIAM IV.

William Henry Guelph, Duke of Clarence, was the third son of George III., and was born August 21, 1765, and was nearly sixty-five years old when he succeeded his brother, George IV., on the throne. His complexion and form were good, his features regular and pleasing, his manners affable and polished, and his society agreeable and interesting. From a child he was remarkable for his kind and engaging manners, and through life retained that open simplicity of disposition which endeared him to his many friends.

He entered the navy as a midshipman, at the age of thirteen, and passed through all the grades of the service up to that of Lord High Admiral, or commander-in-chief of all the naval forces of Great Britain. He discharged the duties of his office in a manner that gave general satisfaction, and gained for him the affection of all ranks in the service. He was very liberal, and spent so much money that he received a remonstrance from the Duke of Wellington, then prime minister, respecting it, which induced him to resign his position in the navy.

The most important acts passed during the

reign of William IV. were those relating to tithes, to marriages, and to the Established Church. By tithes, every one was required to devote one tenth of his income to the maintenance of the clergy of the Established Church.

By the Marriage Act, every person was allowed to be married with such religious ceremonies as he might prefer, or without any religious ceremony, or any other form except that of making a declaration of the act before a public officer. This act put an end to one of the principal grievances of the Dissenters in Great Britain.

William IV. deserves much credit for his exertions in early life in favor of the abolition of the slave trade. He gave all the assistance then in his power to those distinguished philanthropists, Wilberforce and Clarkson, through whose exertions the colony of Sierra Leone was founded; the object of which was to teach the negroes agriculture and the mechanic arts. The colony went into operation in 1809. The honor of being the first to abolish the traffic in slaves belongs to the French National Convention, who, in 1794, declared all the slaves in the French colonies free.

Napoleon was opposed to the abolition of the slave trade, and it was again permitted in the French colonies, but was abolished by Louis XVIII. in 1815. The British government abolished the slave trade in 1806, the measure having been agitated in parliament for twenty years. The act for abolishing slavery in the British West India Colonies was passed in the reign of William IV. By this act all children under six years of age were declared free, and all slaves above the age of six years were divided into two classes; one of which was to become free in 1838, and the other two years afterwards. The sum of twenty millions of pounds sterling was granted to the owners of the slaves, to indemnify them for their loss.

Though the education of William had not been so finished and complete as that of his brother George, yet he took much more pleasure in reading, and had really more good common sense, and enjoyed the performance of kind and charitable acts, which always seemed easy and natural to him. The poor were enthusiastic in his praise, and considered him their friend.

The body of King James the Second remained unburied for more than a century. He died in Paris, September, 1701, and in 1813, when George IV. was regent, at the earnest solicitation of his brother William, he sent to Paris, and had the remains of King James removed from Paris to St. Germain, and interred with royal grandeur, and erected a monument of black, white and gray marble. Lights had been kept burning around his grave till the French revolution in 1789. William had always felt that the Stuarts had been dealt with rather unceremoniously by England, and now as the royal house had become extinct, and nothing was to be feared from them, the last grandson of King James II., Henry, the Cardinal of York, having died in 1807, he wished to make some little reparation, which still remained in his power, by giving to the remains of the dethroned king an honorable burial, which gave much pleasure to his few adherents.

The Royal Society of Literature, which was founded by George IV. in 1820, owed its origin chiefly to the advice and efforts of William; and at that time the library of their father, consisting of sixty-five thousand volumes, besides pamphlets, maps, &c., was given to the nation.

A new Parliament, which met soon after William came to the throne, caused the ministers to resign their offices, and the Whigs

came into power, with Earl Grey for Prime Minister. A bill for the reform of the representation, which passed the House of Commons, was rejected in the House of Lords, and caused great discontent all over the country. In London a mob collected and made assaults upon the persons and houses of a number of Tory noblemen, one of which was the house of the Duke of Wellington. Nottingham Castle was destroyed, which was once a royal residence, but now the property of a Tory. At Bristol the riot was very extensive; all the public buildings, and a large number of private houses, were destroyed, and many lives were lost before quiet could be restored. A large portion of the inhabitants enrolled themselves in societies called Unions, the object of which was to intimidate the legislature by refusing to pay any taxes till they passed the Reform Bill. The Lords, fearing to resist the will of the people any longer, passed the bill, and the reformed Parliament, which was elected under the new law, made various improvements. England was at this time visited with cholera. In 1818 William IV. married the Princess Adelaide, of Saxe-Meiningen; she was esteemed by all, but had no children. William died June 20, 1837, at the age of seventy-two, having reigned seven years.

DELAFIELD, Wis.

LEAVING HOME.

"Teacher, I'm going away from home to service." Oh, speak to her tenderly; take her hand in your own; let her not depart without some loving words to cherish, some good advice to ponder over, some earnest wish to cheer her. She is taking a step in the dark. Oh, light a lantern of hope, and hang it over her road, so that her feet may be less likely to slip, so that her eyes shall be directed towards the better land.

"I'm going to be bound apprentice." Speak to him, warn him, beseech him that he does not go unwarned into the conflict. Tell him of a harbor in which he may safely ride, of a Friend whom he may safely trust with life's nearest and dearest treasures. Not only send him forth, amid the shoals and quicksands of life's stormy seas; solicit on his behalf the help of the Mighty, the protection and guardianship of the Ever-present. Oh, let not all your past labors be lost. Leave not the good seedlings to the mercy of the enemy. When he leaves the home of shelter for the bleak moor of the world, encompass him constantly with your prayers.

CHRONICLES OF THE CLOVERSIDE FAMILY. NO. 5.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

UNCLE OLIVER'S STORY.

There, dears, trim the lamp; I want no gloom, for the story I am about to tell you is gloomy enough in itself.

I feel some timidity, my dears, in breaking ground upon a subject that some of you may not fully understand, and because I have seen enough of all of you to know that for once some of you will deem your Aunt Hannah too severe. Others will consider everything I say eminently correct and proper. You see, education makes a great difference, and the heart is not always responsible for the actions of the individual, consequently I hope you will all understand that, however applicable the case, I am not alluding to any individual here.

My Uncle Oliver's story has a strong moral in it, and let it be gloomy or exciting, interesting or uninteresting, I can assure you it ought to be instructive. Unlike the rest of his family, my Uncle Oliver possessed very little mechanical genius, and still less aptitude for business. He was the youngest; a good-hearted, handsome, straightforward gentleman, who arrived at his majority before he or any one else thought of selecting a profession or business for him. In the meantime, he devoted himself solely to art. He was a respectable painter, a thorough musician, and an excellent judge of all things pertaining to elegance or taste, whether of household appointments, domestic arrangements, or dress; in fact, his taste was almost perfect; he was absolutely indispensable upon all gala occasions. I have said that he revelled in art, and art indeed was his mistress. Something of a linguist, always at home in the society of intelligent women, imagine my uncle at the age of twenty-five still without a business, sipping the dews that fell from heaven in the attitude of a Claude, the repose of an Evangeline, the turn of a note.

No great catch for manœuvring mammas; but the bright star of many idolaters for all that. Well, long after his brothers had married and left the old homestead, my Uncle Oliver held court on rare but select occasions in the old house. There art reigned supreme, until nature disputed the sway in the person of a young lady whom chance placed under my grandmother's protection. Her father, being unable to find suitable lodgings for her during

her stay in the town (she was attending school), requested my grandmother to take her. Ellen Hepburn was a pretty, unassuming, artless girl of sixteen, unused to the world or its ways, and consequently ignorant of the very arbitrary rules laid down for the guidance of those who come under its notice. Miss Hepburn in time became acquainted with the various members of my grandfather's family, and they all extended the courtesy and civility to Miss Hepburn which people award to their equals. If she was ever spoken of during her absence, it was always in a friendly spirit, totally divested of everything like a point upon which to hang malice or spleen. That was when her father owned a very respectable property. Mr. Hepburn, however, lost all his fine property in a day by the treachery of a man in whom he placed the utmost confidence, and two days afterwards died of heart disease. When his affairs were examined, it was ascertained that he had left nothing, not so much as a dollar to his poor daughter.

While my uncles and aunts and the remainder of the connection were asking what now would be Ellen's future, suggesting and immediately withdrawing every available genteel mode of obtaining a livelihood for her, that young lady dried her eyes, wet with the tears shed over a father's grave, and made a bold proposition to my grandmother, which my grandmother immediately accepted. The proposition was neither more nor less than to perform faithfully, in all its details, the work of a servant.

Her reasons, my dears, I will repeat to you, hoping you may give them your earnest attention. Said she to my grandmother, speaking sadly but calmly—

"You know, Mrs. C——, I have never supposed that I would be left in this strait. I have always been given to understand that there was no occasion for my devoting my attention to anything beyond the merely ornamental. I am not a musician; I am not competent to take charge of a school; I am still less at home with a needle—in short, I know nothing which would enable me to support myself and maintain my former station in life; all I know scarcely extends beyond the kitchen, and even there I am a comparative

novice; *but I can learn*; and if you are willing to engage me as a servant, I will gladly remain with you, otherwise I shall be compelled to seek a home elsewhere, for I *cannot* eat the bread of dependence."

My grandmother made some trifling resistance, but finally consented, and Miss Hepburn became her servant.

Then came the trial my grandmother predicted and warned her of. As my aunts and their families called, the Miss was applied without form; then "Ellen H." took the place of "Miss H.," and finally the Hepburn was dropped out of sight, and she was known only as "Ellen."

There was one who observed these things closely, and his noble nature rebelled against the strange apathy which dulled the perceptions and feelings of his family. To him Miss Hepburn, instead of declining, *rose* in the social scale. In his view, adversity only brought out the pure gold of her character; for he asked himself, "How many of our relatives and acquaintances would have the moral courage, the heart and inclination, to maintain herself under such indignities, such soulless indifference, as my relatives manifest concerning this young woman's destiny?" Then he compared her in her coarse garments to the well-attired, lady-like girl who received the polite attentions of his sisters-in-law and their families one year previous. And if adversity brought out the fine gold of her character, healthy employment but added a brighter glow to her cheek, a more brilliant sparkle to her eye, and elasticity to her step.

In short, my uncle was in love, and knew it not until some one else made the discovery (a very common thing, my dears) for him, as often happens in this world of good intentions and bad.

"Do you think it *wise* to keep Ellen here?" queried my Uncle Robert's wife one day when she was alone with my grandmother.

My grandmother raised her eyes in astonishment and inquiry.

"Have you not observed anything between them?" pursued my Aunt Emma, affecting extreme mortification.

"Indeed, then, to be plain with you, I don't know what you mean," rejoined my straightforward grandmother.

"Oh! Well, it is not *my* business" (then *why did she meddle?*) "to be sure, only I do think some one ought to stop it in time, or there's no knowing where it will end. Oliver is so unsettled, and so—so unfitted for busi-

ness—they would be a dead weight on all of us."

"Who are you talking about, Emma?" demanded my grandmother, abruptly.

"I am talking about Oliver and Ellen; everyone is talking about them."

My grandmother's face flushed red; she was silent a long time, and then she said in a soft, low tone—

"I have nothing against Ellen. She is a good girl; but I think it would be unwise for them to marry—I could not give up Oliver."

"I *knew* you would agree with me," said my aunt, eagerly, "break it off at once; after awhile you can't, perhaps."

You will observe that Aunt Emma was ignorant of grammar; she could not write her own name.

"Send Ellen away; get her a good place and give her a hint."

My good grandmother frowned. "No! I would never be guilty of that. I shall talk to Oliver quietly; but I will *not* turn Ellen away."

"Then you will only hasten what we all desire to prevent. Your plan will fail; but I've warned you, and no one need say I did not do my duty, and my utmost to preserve the good name of the family."

"And no doubt the family will be under a lasting obligation to you," said my Uncle Oliver, as he stood in the doorway before them suddenly. His face was pale, his eyes gleaming with concentrated passion. No one had ever seen him like that before.

My Uncle Robert, who had entered the apartment a few minutes sooner, pretended to occupy himself with a paper; but he suddenly found his tongue, saying shortly—

"Don't make an ass of yourself, Oliver."

"Thank you," was the instant reply, "you shall aid me when I meditate that." Then directing himself to his sister-in-law—"I am no eavesdropper; I was sitting in the parlor, and heard every word you uttered, although I made a variety of noises to attract your attention. Need I add that I am infinitely obliged to you for your very laudable efforts to prevent disgrace from attaching to the family?"

"I think common politeness would protect me from your sneers in this house," replied my aunt.

"Ah! but ours it seems is an *uncommon* politeness. We take a moderately rich lady by the hand cordially with a sweet adjective—and when she is not quite so rich we deem all cordiality and adjectives totally superfluous, and if she is *very* poor, we even abbreviate the

name she inherits—she becomes ‘one of the family,’ like your own child.”

“Indeed, this is more than patience can bear,” said my aunt, rustling her silks fiercely.

“Very well, you are at liberty to adopt the easiest method to remove the tremendous strain on your patience, meanwhile I have the right and the determination to *repel*, with scorn, any imputations upon my capacity, manliness, independence, or honor. Further, you have insulted a woman fully your equal; I question if she is not your superior in every sense of the word; she glories in maintaining herself by the labor of her hands, while you openly exhibit your regret that you ever did anything as independent in a thousand ways, *you*, once a servant, raised as a servant, married while you were in service. And *you* are exercised concerning my growing intimacy with Miss Hepburn. Will I owe anything to you? will she? In short, is it any of your business whether we like or dislike each other? Speak plainly, for I dare say anything in truth once you start me—and I am terribly in earnest now.”

“You are a fool!” exclaimed my Uncle Robert, shortly, as he arose and motioned his wife from the room.

“I have not the slightest doubt but you and others may cherish that idea; you are several years older than I am, and although I am older and perhaps wiser than you were when you married, still it would be impossible for you to conceive your younger brother your equal in wisdom, no! not if I were to live a thousand years, for you would always be the oldest—in fact it would be as impossible as it would be to remind you that I am now twenty-five, and consequently much older than you were when you took so much upon yourself. There, I am tired of listening to one strain—give me *half* the opportunities you have had and see what use I will make of them; cease prating to me about my ignorance of business until I have been *tried*. And in any event, madam, (addressing my aunt) give yourself no farther uneasiness concerning any weight *you* may be requested to bear in addition to the great responsibilities which oppress you in supporting honorably the name of Cloverside.”

Now, I admit, my dears, that that sounds very much like a family quarrel; but it does not sound nearly so bad as it really was; my aunt was mortally offended, and my Uncle Oliver threatened to demolish any living creature who said aught against either himself or Miss Hepburn, particularly against the latter.

The result was that little was said in his presence, and very little in his absence that would serve as a handle against the talkers. Still my Aunt Emma was not without her resources. Oliver had insulted her—she never alluded to the other side of the story; and she made much of her grievance, relating the quarrel in detail, with such additions as the hearer might credit, and omitting the very things which candor and honesty demanded.

[My dears, will you remember one thing; never speak ill of any one; but above all, never permit yourselves to speak ill of any one after you have ceased to speak friendly to that person. A single moment's thought will convince you that the rule is eminently correct.] You have doubtless remarked those people who are first in applying for justice, meaning *law* all the while, for if they got justice, less law would suffice them. The same class of people in every trifling misunderstanding and difficulty that arises must immediately lay the case (not the *whole* case, remember) before their friends. Beware of that class of people; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will discover these people the wrong-doers—be chary of sympathy when they appeal to you, for their sake, but more for your own and the sake of humanity. Let us frown down these social hucksters who would sell fancied wrongs for our genuine, impulsive sympathy. And never decide until you hear the other side. My treasured vase which you all admired this morning lies now in fragments. I had it seventeen years; see what ignorance does, even when the intention is good. Character and reputation is almost as brittle; deal with them carefully lest you may one day reproach yourselves for a wrong done a neighbor—never yield *both* ears to the first comer; if you *can*, reserve even the half of one.

One morning, some three weeks after the conversation which I have related to you, occurred, Miss Hepburn was missing. My grandmother was distressed. No one knew where she had gone. She had resolutely, and wisely kept her own counsel. Still there was one whom she could not avoid; my Uncle Oliver, who sought her out on the third day. She was living with an old lady who had acquired a miserly reputation and a large fortune. My uncle immediately proposed marriage; to his utter astonishment Miss Hepburn refused to listen to him.

“My dear Ellen,” said my uncle, in his frank way, “do you propose to live the balance of your life with Mrs. Randall? Do you, too, think I am unable to make my own way

in the world? if you do, speak out frankly, imitate me for once."

"You know my opinion of you very well, Oliver; but just now I positively decline listening to any proposition coming from you."

"You will allow me a few days' grace at least—you will not utter the final word until you think over it."

"I am not jesting, Oliver; I do not deny anything, neither will I admit anything; we two ought to know each other pretty well; and you ought to know that I mean it when I say that you must not talk to me of marriage now."

"You'll put me on probation, eh? You are a silly girl. Come, display your good sense; act as you always have done; be independent enough to marry me now, to-morrow, any day you please; but do *not* be induced to swerve one jot out of your usual path by anything that *has* been said, or *may* be said by those whose views should be simply amusing to us and others."

"I have given you my answer."

"Why, dear girl, if we were both perfection; if we were confessedly created for each other, would it make any difference to twenty people you and I can mention? No! but some one least of all concerned perhaps would venture to hint that we ought not to marry. Why, you know that is the *rule*. Besides, how am I to do without you?"

"I have given you my answer."

"My father and mother love you—you have more *sincere* friends than the woman whose utterances have occasioned so much unhappiness."

"I have told you twice, Oliver, that you had your answer."

"Till when, six days?"

"Six months, rather," replied Miss Hepburn, impulsively.

"Do you want me to hate Robert's wife? for I shall absolutely hate her if you persist in this mad design."

"If you can condescend to that, yes. For my part hate is difficult, as difficult as love when I sum up her characteristics. If you will talk of marriage, give me six months. No! you need not plead. I demand all of that; something is due *me* too."

"So be it Ellen. I am your best friend. But be ready at the end of six months, for I shall prepare a home for you long before that time. And in the meantime, I stipulate that you shall accept as much money as will enable

you to live here or wherever you please without submitting to unnecessary drudgery."

"Oh! my prince of consistency. Then you, too, are influenced by 'that woman.' No! not a farthing will I accept until I have a wife's right to it. There! not a word more, for I am fully determined upon having my own way in this. You love independence; permit me to retain your love and my own self-respect, and now go, you see I am not well."

"Not well!—you ill!—I thought you would never yield to illness; but you do look a trifle worn; what is it—what can I do for you?"

"A mere cold; I got it the night I came here; I will be quite well to-morrow if you will go right straight home like a good fellow, and promise to bring a *new* subject with you when you come back."

"Your terms are hard, Ellen; still I will accept them. Something tells me you are right—and yet!"

"Oh! I know! none of us are satisfied; there! go while you cherish the resolution. I see you have made a good one—and change the topic. Good night!"

You can judge from that, my dears, the character of Ellen Hepburn. Proud and independent. Ay, *proud*! too proud to be dependent upon any living soul; I wish in my heart we had more of that kind of pride, and yet how *very* many do we see living upon the labor and forethought of their neighbors. Cherish that sort of pride, my dears. The sponge belongs to the very lowest order of animated nature.

Well, Miss Hepburn had her own way. And my Uncle Oliver immediately entered into business in New York, where he was very successful. Everything he touched seemed to prosper. I need scarcely add that his old friends were thunder-struck at his business tact; that the dreamy, speculative student, who had passed the greater portion of his life in ease and idleness (they thought) should succeed in making money excited their utmost astonishment, and they openly confessed it. Meanwhile my uncle kept his own counsel and pushed his business. At the end of six months he re-visited his native home, and demanded that Miss Hepburn should *then* marry him. In all this time he had had but little intercourse with his family, and nothing in the way of aid, for my grandfather, for reasons of his own, permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations. But Miss Hepburn, alas! was very ill; so ill that she could not leave her room when my uncle called upon her. Never-

theless, she endeavored to combat his arguments in favor of an immediate marriage; this time, however, the lover was successful; they were married quietly in Mrs. Randall's house.

As soon as she was able to bear the journey, my uncle removed his wife to New York in spite of my grandmother's remonstrances. My grandfather really loved my Aunt Ellen; he presented her with a handsome sum of money, took special pains to commend her high spirit, and predicted a happy future for the young couple; and yet there was a marked constraint in the manner of Robert and his wife, which extended even to their children when my Uncle Oliver or his wife was present. Unfortunately this was made too apparent to my Uncle Oliver; the consequence was that he avoided his brother's family. He never noticed his brother's wife except when politeness demanded it—the sisters-in-law never met. There was no family re-union; when the young people set out for New York, the few that bade them a God speed were chiefly strangers.

"Go on as you have begun, Oliver," said my kind grandfather; "you will win your way rapidly, never fear. I never knew independence to fail. Remember Sigismund, and be careful of Ellen."

My grandmother's parting words were—"Do not disappoint our hopes; we are building much upon you. Be sure you have our love in all your loneliness, and let us hear from you often."

My Aunt Ellen never wholly regained her health in her New York home. She was not an invalid; she managed her household affairs as very few women ever do in this country; she saw to everything, and displayed the thrift of a German. My uncle imagined she was tolling too much; but the physicians asserted that she was doing the very best thing that could be thought of; in their opinion, exercise might restore her health; they could suggest nothing better than the charge of a house; so my uncle submitted. Two years rolled around. My uncle was making his fortune. He was universally respected and beloved. His wife was in request in the very best society of New York. By that do not understand me to allude to the merely wealthy; the truly sensible; the thorough-bred families, who conceded to intelligence and education what they withheld from ostentatious wealth, evinced a high appreciation of the Cloversides. When my grandfather visited his son, he found his daughter-in-law

entertaining a distinguished author, while my uncle discussed political economy with an ex-governor; and yet there was no evidence of display in either his son or daughter-in-law, or their surroundings. They occupied a small house in a quiet, retired street, furnished at a moderate cost; but the appointments exhibited the most exquisite taste; there was a genial warmth, an indescribable charm pervading the entire house. My grandfather was fascinated. When he returned home, in spite of his cautious reticence, it was apparent that he was better pleased with his youngest son's mode of life and with his wife than he was with the rest of his family.

There was a small cloud in his son's sky, however, which my grandfather failed to observe. Perhaps he might have perceived it had he remained any length of time in New York; I allude to the inevitable jealousies among men and women who are slow to comprehend why one of their class should seek to elevate themselves above their common level. Men less fortunate sneered at the success of my uncle, and persistently insisted that he was "lucky;" the envious called him proud, and predicted a short career for him. There were some women, mere moths, who cringed in the presence of his wife, and threw small pellets at her back the moment it was turned. These people were thoroughly understood by my uncle and aunt, who discriminated with unequalled tact betwixt the real and pretended friends.

I may explain, that my uncle owed his fortune solely to two things. In the first place, he had with great forecast selected a rapidly improving location for his business house; the shrewdest men in the city failed to perceive that which presented itself to my uncle ere he was in the city a month—the great tide of business drifted out of one street and blocked up another. That was my uncle's best bit of management. His business stand leased for twenty years was alone worth a fortune. The next thing which contributed to his good fortune was his method of conducting his business. With him everything had to be systematized. He stood upon solid ground; there was nothing precarious about his foothold, notwithstanding the faint praise and half-uttered suspicions of his enemies. But, my dears, you need not be told that wasps mingle even with the industrious bees; Nature has given them both the same taste; only my uncle never permitted the wasps of trade to divert his attention for one moment. He steadily pursued the course he had laid down for himself.

You will have inferred from this that, however much the world was astonished at his success, none were quite so much surprised as my uncle's relatives. Viewing his immense strides towards an honorable competence and political and social influence, what could they venture to predict thereafter. He had practically convicted some of them of lying and false prophecy, and very soon he would be completely beyond their view, in a social sense. I do not like to admit it, my dears, it reflects so severely upon human nature; but truth and justice to one who was grievously wronged, compels me to acknowledge that where one of his family rejoiced in my uncle's growing prosperity, one or more of them suffered the pangs of envy. My Aunt Emma's conduct could bear but one construction—she hated him. As for my Uncle Robert, notwithstanding all the aid he had received from his people, he failed to advance in the world. Either his judgment or his management was at fault. He became inextricably involved, in spite of my grandfather's repeated warnings. My Aunt Emma, although a tidy housekeeper, had not the faintest conception of economy or frugality. Industrious she undoubtedly was; but she had never been taught, and did not possess the happy tact of perceiving the cheapest of two ways; or, as Biddy McMullen would say, "she never gave her brains time to shire." Added to this, she was extremely fond of show, and my Uncle Robert unfortunately betrayed the same trait. The consequence was that they were always supposed to be worth more than the facts warranted, and then they were called upon to pay the inexorable penalty—they were taxed by the public spirited just in proportion to their seeming wealth, illustrating for the millionth time the old saying respecting the nose and the face. My aunt Emma was exceedingly illiterate; nevertheless, she conceived the project of sending her eldest daughter to Madame L——'s establishment in New York, and succeeded in obtaining my Uncle Robert's consent to the project; although, as it afterwards appeared, he was unable to pay twenty cents on the dollar at that time. Miss Fanny was as void of understanding and correct principles as an ill-taught child could be. She thought of nothing, talked of nothing but dress, self and show. Her they proceeded to make a lady of. My grandfather dryly intimated that perhaps it would be better for the young lady, for themselves, and the world, if they taught her the art of housekeeping, and dispensed

with the servant; to which my aunt tartly replied—

"I am sure if Oliver can afford two servants to wait on his wife, Robert can afford at least one for me. No! Fanny shall go to the best school in the land; I guess our children are as good as anybody's."

"That," rejoined my grandfather, severely, "is a question for the world to decide, and neither you nor I can set aside its judgment."

From that moment, he preserved a grave demeanor when in the presence of his little-minded daughter-in-law. Fanny, however, was sent to Madame L——'s boarding-school, when, as my uncle Sigismund said, she did not know the difference between a fraction and a whole number, and should have been at her alphabet!

Five years had elapsed. My uncle Oliver had made himself a name among the business men of New York. He was said to be worth half a million; but his reputation was clearer than many who were worth three times that amount. His old love reawakened; he patronized the arts, while *litterateurs* and scientific men and women were to be met at his house almost at any time. But while the world conspired to raise him higher in the social and commercial scale, very different elements undermined the frail superstructure which screened my Uncle Robert from the gaze of the world; it toppled over, and buried him in its ruins. The brothers were neither friendly nor unfriendly. My Uncle Oliver had never forgiven his sister-in-law for her inexcusable interference in his love affairs. He had said formally that his notion of honor and fair dealing impelled him to apologize when he discovered himself in the wrong; that those who had not the moral courage to confess themselves in the wrong, but repeated the wrong, by refusing to apologize; consequently, they did not merit forgiveness. But when he heard of his brother's need, he immediately wrote him a warm, frank letter, requesting to be informed of the amount of his liabilities, and the sum necessary to meet the urgent demands against him, sending him at the same time a draft for five thousand dollars. But to enable you to comprehend the true position of all parties at that juncture, I must touch upon the character and accomplishments of Miss Fanny.

Miss Fanny, to use plain language, had never been taught to respect the truth. She had heard so many fashionable, social, and convenient lies; had had so little teaching,

that she was really incapable of discriminating betwixt right and wrong. And although I would not wish to be understood as reflecting upon boarding-schools, (for many of them are conducted by excellent, painstaking people) I must confess that it was generally admitted that Fanny acquired nothing intellectually or morally by attending Madame L——'s school. When she found herself recognized as the niece of Oliver Clover-side, her envy and vanity were excited. It does not require a very vivid imagination to enable one to determine the amount of mischief which a young miss like Fanny can accomplish wholly unaided. You may imagine her saying—

"Yes, my Uncle Oliver is very wealthy—very wealthy, indeed; but then he has some one at his back, if you only knew it."

If the listener entertained any doubts as to who the great person at his back might be, the knowing shake of her sly little head set them at rest forever. Who could it be but her father? "Who owned the best farm in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania?"

But if any were so dull as to require further information, they were informed that Mr. Robert Clover-side was many years older, wiser, and *wealthier* than his young brother, and had set him up in business. There are many little assertions which only affect the speaker because people have an insight into their character; but sometimes owing to the character, plausibility of the story, and perfect cunning of the story-teller, they do a world of mischief. So long as Miss Fanny retailed her small-talk in Madame L——'s school, it did but little harm; but it suddenly received an additional impetus from a totally new direction, when the school-girl's chatter assumed the importance of a financial and commercial consultation.

"You have probably studied something of the laws which govern liquids; you know how very difficult it is to restrain a liquid when it is in the act of seeking a proper level, or gravity. I think we might compare the utterance of a meddling liar, once set in motion in a large community, to the irresistible force of a river. It would be as hard to stem the flood of a river, as to arrest the progress of a plausible lie fairly on its travels.

A plausible lie ruined my Uncle Oliver. Miss Fanny Clover-side was enjoying herself in her uncle's house one evening, in company with a number of her schoolmates, and a few of their parents. Some of her companions were extolling the exquisite taste of their host and

hostess, ascribing vast wealth to my uncle, who possessed such a "perfect paradise." Miss Fanny's envious nature could not be governed, even when she was enjoying her uncle's hospitality; she added ingratitude to envy.

"No doubt my uncle is very wealthy, Miss Ford; my father, however, is better off; indeed, (this is only between us, you know) my father and mother have interested themselves very much in my uncle's affairs; (*that was true, my dears*) so much so, indeed, that if anything were to happen Uncle Oliver, there's no telling what might be the consequence with us."

Fanny was not solely to blame for this downright lie; only the day before she had received a letter from her father, informing her among other things that her uncle had been very kind to him in sending him three thousand dollars, and commanding her to return his sincere thanks until he could see his brother in person. But a few words from her mother, *printed* (she could not write) on the end of the sheet, governed her actions. I may as well give you the lines word for word, as the letter came up in evidence afterwards.

"URE fATHER Has told U all i
No of. BUT REMEmBR ONE THIng
U AR as goode as URE NaBURs
mIND tHat doNt lET pEPeL sopoz
aNY tHIng ELsE mIND. I gEs wEL
BE aBl to pay oWER dETS som
day
Ema cloVERsId."

Miss Ford was not the only listener. Unfortunately the young ladies were overheard by a Miss Richards, whose father upon two occasions was concerned in some heavy business transactions with my uncle. Miss Richards pricked up her little ears, remaining perfectly quiet until the speakers changed their position, when she immediately sought her father, who was in attendance.

"Papa, what was that you were saying to-day about Mr. Clover-side?"

"Why, puss, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, only a remarkable coincidence," continued the daughter, in a lower tone. "Didn't you tell ma you two would make at least twenty thousand out of that cot—?"

"Sh—h! you heedless child!" exclaimed Mr. Richards, angrily, now thoroughly aroused, and alert as though he were back of his counting-house desk.

"Well, but," continued the "puss" in the effort to shield herself, "I have just heard

something about Mr. C. that you ought to know."

"You?"

"Yes; it must be true; it was all in confidence; but I happened to overhear it; Miss Fanny Cloverside is my authority."

"Well, and what is it?"

"Why, Mr. C. is not near so rich as his brother, Fanny's father."

"Pooh! there, go and dance. Great news, truly!"

But I haven't done yet. His brother helps him, and if Mr. C. were to fail, his brother would fail too, (these were the very words Fanny used)."

Mr. Richards looked around quickly, then whispered—"And who did Miss Fanny tell this to?"

"To Miss Ford."

"What made her tell Miss Ford?"

"Oh, it just came about."

"Remember, child, how much harm you might do me, and never permit anything to 'come about' which will loosen your tongue in that manner. Say nothing of this to any one. You are a good girl to come and tell your father. Let me see! you shall have that set of jewelry you were looking at the other day. Now go away, or people will wonder what we are whispering about."

A few minutes afterwards my uncle encountered Mr. Richards, and taking him aside, said—"I have just learned that Hanks will let those lots go at a cent lower, which is enough in itself to determine the matter; however, as we have been talking over the matter, what do you say now?"

"Accept; accept, of course," responded Mr. Richards, hastily.

"But what I wish to understand is whether you still feel like going into the operation. You drew my attention to it first, and although you say you cannot do anything alone, now that we know exactly what we can do, how are you situated? Can I count upon your assuming half?"

"Most assuredly; I shall try to go in with you."

"This must be a positive agreement, Mr. Richards. I can only pay half myself, and I always like to know just where to put my hand on the money. 'Very well; I can raise the funds by to-morrow—say about two.'"

"That will do. I will close the matter to-night, then. Hanks needs the money, and I must pay it by that time—two let it be then. The young folks appear to be enjoying them-

selves highly. Good-night, I won't see you again until it is closed," and my uncle turned away like the graceful gentleman he was.

That same night my uncle bought three lots of cotton—two at thirty thousand and one large lot at one hundred and eleven thousand dollars—one hundred and seventy-one thousand in all. The terms were cash. Payment was to be made next day at two r. m. My uncle calculated he would clear fifteen thousand dollars on the operation at least; but there was a contingency; unless the sale was kept a secret for at least three days, to enable them to offer terms to parties in advance of several men who had combined to put the price up, the probability was that they would not do much more than save themselves, leaving a small margin for profits. Mr. Richards was one of the directors of the bank with which uncle usually transacted his business; the most influential member of the Board. When the Board met at half-past twelve the following day, and my uncle's paper for eighty-five thousand came up, Mr. Richards communicated the following statement to the Board. His relations with Mr. Cloverside were such as to preclude any doubts as to the nature of the feelings with which he (Mr. R.) regarded my uncle. No one, therefore, could for a moment misconstrue his motives—what he deemed was his duty to the Board must be done—it was a duty that rose superior to everything in the form of friendship, however binding—he begged leave to suggest an investigation into Mr. Cloverside's affairs before the paper was passed. The paper, he perceived, lacked the very important requisite—an endorsement.

There was a Mr. Hawkins, a member of the Board also, who, although he had no acquaintance with my uncle, professed a high regard for his character and talents. This friend instantly inquired—

"Would not that be tantamount to refusing Mr. Cloverside's paper, Mr. Richards?"

"It will depend upon the result of the investigation," replied the wily Richards.

"Has Mr. Cloverside addressed any member of the Board upon the subject?" inquired Mr. Hawkins.

No one replied. Then Mr. Richards "begged" leave to state a few "facts." He had it from undoubted authority that Mr. Oliver Cloverside was very closely connected in business relations with his brother Robert of Lancaster county. His brother had failed to the amount of seventy thousand dollars—he could not pay ten cents on the dollar; therefore, in view of that

circumstance, it behooved them to be cautious in advancing money to Mr. Oliver Cloverside.

To which Mr. Hawkins replied, that, inasmuch as Mr. Oliver Cloverside had never presented paper there with his brother's endorsement, he could not see any just reason for throwing it out now that that brother had failed; had he presented his brother as endorser, now that the brother had failed that would be sufficient evidence to decide the Board; but as the matter stood, he failed to see anything to predicate their action upon, unless it should be the fact that the paper lacked a substantial name in connection with the drawer's. But, unless Mr. Richards could give them some evidence of the connection between the brothers, he almost felt like endorsing the paper himself.

Mr. Richards hitched his chair back impatiently, drew from his pocket-book a memorandum and handed it to the president, requesting him to read it aloud.

"Sold draft on Messrs. B. & Co., to Mr. Oliver Cloverside, for \$3000, June 25th," read the president.

"That draft, I am able to prove, was sent to Mr. Robert Cloverside. Can any one doubt the business relationship after that?" demanded Mr. Richards, pertinently. "In fact," pursued that virtuous gentleman, "I have it from Messrs. B. & Co. that Mr. Cloverside informed them that he intended sending it to his brother."

Five respectable gentlemen of large experience suddenly exchanged grave looks the moment Mr. Richards ceased speaking; five elderly gentlemen drummed thoughtfully on the table and yawned; five cautious money-grabbers buttoned up their pockets very closely indeed as they replied in one breath—"Your statement is entirely satisfactory, and clear, and convincing—we decline." One dissenting voice was unheard. And that was the ruin of my uncle.

My uncle called upon Mr. Richards precisely at two o'clock. That gentleman met him with a guilty, hardened face.

"You have changed your mind about that matter, I suppose?"

"I have."

"You are aware that I paid my own half down, I suppose."

"I am not aware, in fact, that you purchased," replied the director.

"At least it was positively understood that you would give me your half at this hour; that I would close, solely upon that consideration,"

continued my uncle, with a dangerous glow rising in his eyes.

"There is no occasion for anger, Mr. Cloverside."

"Very true," rejoined my uncle, recovering himself instantly; "but at the same time, having learned incidentally that you were instrumental in having the very paper rejected which I had offered solely upon your account—I have already paid down my own half, sir—I think, to say the least, you have acted in a cowardly manner; you have also forfeited the respect of every man pretending even a remote conception of the rules which govern gentlemen and men versed in the rules of trade." And my uncle left him writhing, like the cur he was, under the sting of his tongue.

Well, it required nine days to communicate between Lancaster county and New York. In the meantime, Mr. Richards, assisted by an unrighteous law, succeeded in wresting the cotton, upon which he had already paid eighty-five thousand dollars, from my uncle; it went back into the hands of Hanks, an unscrupulous scoundrel. My uncle's reputation became clouded instantly, and despite the exertions of his friends he was ruined outright in three days.

To this day, fortunes are made and lost in a day in New York. The truth came out eventually, but then it was too late. However, when the facts became known, another reputation went down without a moment's notice. Men scorned to extend common courtesy to a man who, instead of saying quietly, Gentlemen, this paper requires my endorsement, there it is, treacherously cut the throat of the man who strove to advance his interests.

I am not well enough versed in mercantile affairs to explain to you how my uncle's immense fortune dwindled down in two weeks to less than thirty thousand dollars. But I can make you comprehend how my aunt, who was never quite well, suddenly sickened and died just six days after my uncle's reputation was assailed; so you may understand how, with the shadow of his great bereavement lying over all his business, that business suffered; for it was said of my Uncle Oliver with truth, "He never smiled again." He sold out all he had and returned to his father's house immediately.

By some means, which he never made known, he had ferreted out the whole truth concerning the origin of his misfortune; he even possessed himself of my aunt's letter to Fanny; and his first action upon returning to his old home was

to proceed to his brother's house, where he laid bare his sister's nature in cold, searching language. He uttered his parting words to her with intense scorn and superhuman energy.

"You drove my wife away from a happy home by your cursed meddling; *you* were the chief cause of her illness—an illness she never wholly recovered from. You reared a brainless child and instilled into her the poison which she dropped even upon my very hearthstone; *you*, with your vain, envious, heartless nature, could not endure the thought that another should possess or enjoy anything beyond *your* reach—no, not even though that hand fed you—scorpion-like you sting your benefactor. I have come to tell you this, hoping your ways may be altered when you look upon the wreck you have made. It is all *your* work—yours and the devil's! You have robbed me of wife, home, and happiness; and though the good God may forgive you, I cannot."

When he returned to his father's house, he never left it until he was carried from it feet foremost. His life gradually ebbed away from him. He never chided; but he was never satisfied. No one could make his tea as his wife made it; no one could arrange his pillow, his books, as she had done. My dears, don't believe them when they tell you there is no such things now-a-days as broken hearts. What was it that brought that handsome, sturdy, strong-minded man, in the flush of his manhood, down to the ways of a pining child? For nine months he never went out of the house; he became languid, then consumptive, and finally —.

My dears, pray that you may not die as my Uncle Oliver died, with no one to hear your last wish, to whisper a last word of hope and comfort as you set out on the waters of the dark river—to kiss you as you step out into the unknown eternity.

My Uncle Oliver had a fashion of sitting for hours in his rocking-chair perfectly motionless, gazing away off into space and communing with *her*. Sometimes he would leave his room at night and walk down into the sitting-room to his rocking-chair. Nothing could prevent him. Well, one morning I had a strange dream—it did not in any way concern any of the family, however—and I started up an hour earlier than usual. When I came down stairs and opened the shutters wide, something suddenly sent a chill to my very heart. I turned around as rapidly as thought, and there sat my Uncle Oliver bolt upright in his chair, quite

motionless. I gasped once or twice, stepped forward and looked in his face. He was dead; he had been dead some hours.

There, dears! That will do. I feel much better—but will some of you play that exquisite gem from *Il Trovatore*?

THE CENTURY-PLANT.

BY M. O. J.

Thy voice, through years of storm and strife, hath led
The nation safely on;
And when the glowing words, "Be free," were said,
Thou to thy rest wert gone!

But from thy grave, as from the cleft rock, springs
The fountain of the free!
And in the future's vista shines thy name,
Inwrought with liberty!

In thy life's work and close, the fable old
Is fitly clothed anew,
And to all generations shall unfold
A meaning deep and true.

Now to that life's all-beautiful Evangel,
Fraught with the worn heart's weal,
When written to the full, hath God's strong angel
Impressed his fire-wrought seal.

Long years of struggling will and burning thought,
The bondman's grief and thrall,
And what the heart of Christ in man hath wrought
Have culminated all.

Yes, we who loved thee saw the blossoming
Of thy life's earnest hour,
Forgetting that its ripening were its fall—
Lincoln, our Aloe-Flower!

With tears and smiles the nation gathers up
The stainless petals cast,
And in the heart's herbarium evermore
Shall their dear fragrance last!

JUNE 1st, 1865.

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weight and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the workhouse where is the forge of deceits and slanders, and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out.

SEENOGOOD.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

One troublous, black-winged thought vexes the soul of Seenogood—the awful and abominable wickedness of the world. One constantly recurring question perplexes and agitates him—what is the final destination of this same iniquity-loving, death-breeding world—towards what port of destruction is it rushing at such fearful, break-neck speed? Seenogood has his own private speculations. He hints mysteriously at solemn night visions, in which he sees this earth craft of ours propelled through the stormy black ocean of space by fiery-eyed monsters. Death at the helm, and ruin at the wheel; hears the groaning and creaking of the infernal machinery which moves us, mingled with the laughter of fiends and the shrieks of oncast souls; feels the reeling motion of our sphere as it sinks down—down—down; it makes the heart of Seenogood shake to think whither. The visions of our friend are somewhat incoherent; scenes shift rapidly, and all things transmigrate and mingle incongruously together, as in dreams; but the same blood-chilling horror reigns through all.

Seenogood thinks we are nearing the latter days. He sees solemn portents in the sky, hears of wars and rumors of wars; sniffs pestilence and famine in the air; and feels beneath his feet the tremor of approaching earthquakes. He lives in constant expectation of the coming of that great day of wrath, when men shall begin to cry to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us; when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall dissolve with fervent heat, and the visible earth and all the works therein shall be burned up. His eye burns with the rapt spirit of prophecy, his voice sinks to the most awfully impressive tones as he pictures the terrors of the Judgment, when the armies of the dead shall rise up, white and trembling, at sound of the trumpet, and marching in solemn review before the Almighty Judge, shall pass away under sentence of everlasting condemnation; for Seenogood, he hears never the tender, loving invitation, "Come, blessed of my Father," but always the voice of indignation and wrath crying in tones of thunder, "Depart from me, ye cursed."

It is, perhaps, in depicting the fearfully sublime scenes of the last judgment that brother Seenogood chiefly excels, but then, all days are judgment days with him. He sees the swift bolt descending out of heaven, and can calculate with unerring certainty on whom it will fall. He goes to his brother in affliction and claps his hand at once upon the sin that drew down the calamity under which he is laboring, and consolingly assures him that his suffering is not greater than he deserves, nor so great; but the rest shall be reserved unto the final day of reckoning. Seenogood does not believe that pain and sorrow are ever sent to us as heavenly teachers, to draw us nearer to the angels; he sees in them only the chastisements—or, as he expresses it, the judgments of an incensed God; for Seenogood's God is a God of vengeance and wrath, and knoweth not mercy, nor tenderness, nor compassion.

Seenogood has no faith in the honesty of his fellow men. He will not believe that good is ever done in this world from pure love of good; but every deed, how righteous soever it may outwardly appear, he sees to be inwardly evil. The rind may be fair and sweet, but the core, he will tell you, is rotten. Alas, and alas! if Seenogood speaks truth, no fruit grows in this world but Dead Sea apples. "Let them hang upon the bough," I cry, "let them be to me fair," but with cruel delight he plucks them, rends off the goodly outside, and shows me the inner corruption. That deed of heroism, and that act of tenderness which kindles in my soul a sacred fire, and brings me to my knees in adoration of God revealed in human flesh, Seenogood, with his pitiless anatomical knife lays open to my view, and behold, not a pure, warm, living heart is the actuating force, but some cunningly contrived machinery of the evil one is the hidden motive power.

"It is awful," says he, in that hollow, sepulchral voice of his, "it is awful to think of the wickedness that lies concealed under these fair, specious deeds which appear so beautiful to you, but in the sight of God are filthy and abominable. Oh, the iniquity—the iniquity that is in the hearts of men!" And Seenogood

shakes his head wofully and repeats his favorite passage of Scripture, "There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one,"

And as if it were not enough that he should seek to confirm his diabolic doctrine from Holy Writ, he yet goes to God's other Book, and of fairest things in nature makes false witnesses and lying teachers. The pure, sweet lily, whose spotless whiteness I durst not touch with my sin-stained lips, and whose odor I softly indraw with hushed, holy rapture as if it were breath of angels, he takes in his desecrating hand, and tearing ruthlessly its waxen petals discloses a loathsome worm at its heart. And while I am yet shuddering and weeping over my broken and defiled symbol of purity, he bends to the fountain at sight, and touch, and taste of which I involuntarily bless God, and scooping up a handful of its crystal waters, shows me that every drop is swarming with a myriad of unclean things. Then flinging the liquid sparkles up into the sunshine, which is also full of dancing motes, he begins to beat sharply with his conjurer's stick the delicate fringe of ferns that runs in a fragrant border about the mossy bank whereon I rest, and forth creeps a slimy reptile with upreared head, darting at me its forked tongue, and holding me in horrible fascination with its glittering, fiendish eyes.

I am faint, faint unto death; a fearful sickness comes over me; a sense of the utter loathsomeness of all life gets possession of me. The sun hangs like a huge drop of blood in the brazen heaven,—the air, pestilent with noxious vapors, stirs with the rushing black wings of evil things; the earth swarms with creeping vermin, with fiery, stinging serpents,—the whole world, stricken with leprosy, reels with mortal sickness, and like a body forsaken of its soul, gives signs of speedy dissolution. Unclean is everything on which I look; unclean is all that my hand touches; unclean my hand, unclean my heart, unclean! unclean! and there be no purifying waters. Nothing seems good but oblivion—deadness of sense—utter extinction—entire annihilation. Ah, Seenogood, fearful is the state of mind thy philosophy induces!

But God is merciful. The awful shadow lifts. The beneficent compassionate face of the Divine one bends pityingly from above, the bloody eclipse rolls off from the sun, and

golden rivers of light run down through the darkened, deadened air, and the world by a soul is made alive once more. Seenogood's wicked spell is broken.

God lives! Seenogood, my brother, God lives. It was thy dark body, standing between me and the light, that caused me one moment to doubt. Believe it, the evil that thou seest is in thyself. The light that is in thee is darkness, and how great is that darkness!

Thy hand is lifted against the Divine Life, thou art of the spirit of them that crucified the Christ. Thou hast turned thy face away from the one true living God, and hast prostrated thyself before a vengeful, malignant spirit, whose fury can only be appeased by the bloody sacrifice of the innocent, and in whose ears no sound is so delightful as the cry of tortured, suffering souls. And thou, verily, art made in the image and likeness of *thy* God!

Ah, Seenogood, get thy heart more tender, and loving, and pitiful, and thy God shall grow more merciful and compassionate. Get thine own life-springs cleansed and purified, and thou wilt not be so quick to suspect thy fellow mortals of evil. Thou knowest what Paul says, "Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure."

When a good action is performed, why canst thou not accept it, and let it be accepted for what it is worth? Why go prying after the hidden motive which prompted it? Is that any concern of thine? Art thou not meddling with God's affairs? And how canst thou presume to say of any externally good work that it is internally evil? Has the Almighty lent thee His vision? Art thou a reader of hearts, and a diviner of purposes?

Brother! look into thine own breast. Tell us what thou seest there. What is it that restraineth thy hand when thou would'st do evil? Is it not fear of the punishment which that wrathful, vindictive God of thine will mete out to thee? See thou condemn not, for where can be found a principle of abstinence so miserably selfish and contemptible as thine?

What is thy motive when thou doest good? Trip not in thy answer. Is it pure love of good? Why, then, shouldst thou judge another worse than thyself? Get thee humility, my brother, get thee clean hands, get thee confidence in God, get thee that charity which thinketh no evil, and with all thy gettings oh, Seenogood! get thee a new name.

AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

BY E. M.

Among the shadows which the arch-fiend of slavery has thrown on the negro character in the South, there are so many pleasant and good traits which no shadow however deep can obscure, no treatment however harsh can eradicate, that all their friends who are brought into daily contact with them on the Port Royal Islands, where they first emerged into the light of liberty, predict for them a future of happy homes and a noble nationality.

Of these traits one of the most delightful is their kindness to orphan children. One might have thought that the oppressions of the past, the separations of families, the annual hirings and sellings which made the New Year a time of horror and a remembrance of pain, would have hardened their hearts to the sufferings of others, but they have recently proved that they have more benevolence than even their friends gave them credit for.

When the refugees who accompanied Sherman on his march were sent by him to the care of General Saxton and placed on the islands, kindness to them was the general feeling, unkindness a rare exception.

Numbers of the strangers, worn out with the fatigues and privations of the long march, died soon after arriving, and although the majority of the children died also, yet very many were left without, as far as they know, one relation in the world to care for them. And the kindness of the freedmen, who had enjoyed three years of liberty and security, showed itself.

They lent their clothing and their children's to these refugees, gave them corn to "help out with" when the rations were short, took them to their homes, took care of many of them in sickness, and dug the graves of those who died.

But to the children, their kindness was still more marked, they were so anxious to take the "mudderless" home, that it was thought the rations the government gave the children were an object to them; but when the rations were, in most cases, taken away from such adopted children, and yet they were cared for and even petted and favored in their new homes, suspicion that interest had anything to do with it, was put to flight.

One young married woman, considered very

well off by her less fortunate neighbors, and whose thriving, fat little baby is the pride of her heart, took two puny little orphan girls. We felt sure that their duty would be to "mind chile," or in Northern parlance, take care of that baby.

But no, day after day, the happy, tidy little girls set out with their schoolmates for the school, and are evidently privileged favorites, and accustomed both to caresses and abundance.

In the house of an elderly man, with sickly children of his own to care for, we found a girl of seven or eight, almost too ill to move, and were told that a younger boy had been in the same state, but it was added with pardonable pride, "wid de Lord's help I get him through, and he hearty."

The mother had come to the plantation ill and died there, and this man had taken these two sick children, left helpless among strangers. Under the circumstances, it was not strange that their protector thought that they might have had rations, at least some hominy, which had been refused in compliance with a general rule. For three months he had supported the children unaided, and he added, "I aintee gwine turn them out to perish and starve now, if it is hard on me."

A boy of ten or eleven had been cared for during a long illness by one of the teachers, and as she was going away she wished to leave the child in a comfortable home. It was given out in one of the schools that a "mudderless" needed a home, and next day the father of a numerous family offered to take him.

In utter amazement we counted over the children of the family. First a married daughter with a baby or two; then a great lad of eighteen, good-humored and active enough, no doubt, with the hoe, but who always goes to sleep at the sight of a book; next a tall girl of sixteen, full of fun and frolic, a boy of fourteen, the dunce and idler, a girl of twelve, the scholar of the family, a boy of ten, rapidly overtaking his sister in learning, three or four smaller fry, closing up with the last baby.

And all this family, including father and mother, lived in a room of about twelve feet square, with an adjoining one just large

enough to hold a bedstead, and a dark loft above.

"What are you going to do with this boy?" "He kin sleep wid my boys in de cornhouse," he answered, thinking reference was made to the accommodations.

This cornhouse is a shed always built near their cabins, to contain their winter supply of corn when harvested, or "broke in," which is here the phrase for harvest home.

"But the boy is a cripple, he will be of no use to you, he will never be able to work in the field."

"Aintee!" that means—Is it so!"

"And you have so many children of your own."

This remark is received as a compliment, not as a remonstrance.

"You know he will not get rations now, government thinks it is time for the people to take care of themselves."

"I heardee dat some time back; if we make a good crop, please de Lord, we can fight through."

"But, uncle, what for, in the world, do you want this boy?"

"Want him jest for de feeling, Miss ———, we must have feeling for one anoder."

So, thanks to the "feeling" so often entirely ignored in this race by their masters, the homeless boy is growing fat and healthy with his protectors, attends school regularly, and is fast losing the downcast look of sickness and orphanage. Indeed it would be difficult for any child, however sad, to live among that frolicsome, riotous family of children and not catch somewhat of their buoyancy.

One assistance has been given liberally; all of these refugee children I think, without exception, have been well and thoroughly clothed by the Northern associations for the aid of freedmen, and never was Northern charity better bestowed than in changing the dirty and shapeless rage of these little strangers for clean and comfortable suits of clothing. Some of the children in fact were utterly metamorphosed, and no one unaccustomed to such changes would have recognized in the tidy school children repeating so gravely, for the first time, the children's text—"Suffer little children to come unto me," the shivering, half naked children who, a few weeks before, had landed with their equally wretched parents on the wharf, thrown by hundreds at a day's notice on the care of General Saxton and his rather dismayed but indefatigable superintendents.

EVILS OF GOSSIP.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and a son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the hated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal and magic mutterings of gossip.

Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woful and most melancholy are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt-waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear. Gossip and slander are the deadliest and the cruellest weapons man has for his brother's hurt.

MOTHERS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.—

When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, says one, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me that at their start they made a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, the children were like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest both in wife and children. "And now," says he, "if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers they educate their sons." This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not qualified to discharge the duties of home education.

WHETHER IT PAID.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIII.

If you know what fashionable life is at Saratoga, you will understand what the next three weeks were to the Spencers. It was their first season there, and heart and soul each member of the family went into the whirl of gayeties, and dissipations, and amusements which the time and place inspired.

A large part of the latter was necessarily consumed by elaborate toilettes, and for the rest, what with late breakfasts, and daily drives, and promenades to the springs, and concerts, and balls, time never hung heavy on the hands of any of them. While this summer's experience had imparted the finishing touches, the Spencers—at least the juvenile and feminine part of the family—were now fully fledged butterflies of fashion; each one had fairly profited by her opportunities and experience, and would no longer awaken any suspicion of having climbed suddenly up the social ladder to occupy an unaccustomed height.

The season was drawing to its close, and people began to talk of leaving, and Mrs. Spencer, on whose health the unceasing round of gayeties began to tell somewhat sooner than on her blooming young sons and daughters, said to them one morning when they had assembled in her room, as was customary, for a half hour's lounge and discussion after breakfast—

"I must say I'm getting tired out with all this endless whirl and confusion, and shall be glad enough to get home again. I wrote to your father he might look for us back next week."

"I s'pose we've got to go, because one never could think of staying after the season closes," said Ella, with a yawn, "but really if it wasn't for that I should be in no hurry to get home."

"Nor I," piped in Agnes. "I think Saratoga perfectly splendid."

"Confounded place for bleeding a fellow, though. Haven't they all learned the ropes there?" rejoined Andrew, with an unction which proved he was speaking from personal experience.

"Oh, it's awful—perfectly awful to think of," added Mrs. Spencer, in a tone that was partly pathetic, partly solemn.

"Now, Andrew, how could you start mother

off on that track? You know what she is when she gets to going there," said Ella, in strong admonition. "Rusha," changing the subject with her prompt tact, "I must say your blue silk looked finely in the ball-room last evening."

"Don't speak of ball-rooms," was the impatient rejoinder. "I'm sick of the very thought of one."

"Oh, something gone wrong again?" asked Ella, as though it was the most natural thing in the world with her sister.

"Mother," asked Rusha, turning about suddenly, and speaking with that straightforward abruptness to which they were all accustomed, "do you really believe there is any such thing as the devil?"

"Why, child, what a question! Of course I do; the Bible says so."

There was an explosion of laughter on all sides, the bright, hearty mirth of the young voices sounding very pleasant, so much so that it somehow persuaded Rusha to join in it, but her face was grave enough a moment later when she said—

"Well, if there is one, I think we must all be going straight to him."

"Why, what have we done?" asked Agnes, her blue eyes wide open with innocent amazement.

"That's just what I was going to ask," added Ella.

"I shouldn't suppose it would be necessary to inquire," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Yes it is; if you've found out we're booked to that individual, you ought to let a fellow know so that he can turn about," added Tom, at which Agnes and Guy tittered, and his mother said, reprovingly—

"Tom! Tom! don't make fun of serious things."

"What have we all done?" said Rusha, taking up her sister's question. "Haven't we been, throughout this summer, living a life of selfish enjoyment, of every extravagance, and dissipation, and luxury? Haven't we consumed our days and nights with dress, and frivolity, and gayety of every sort, and all this time that awful darkness of civil war has been hanging over our land? A few hundred miles from here our brothers have been fighting, and

bleeding, and dying for us. They have been starving in Southern prisons—they have been languishing in crowded hospitals—they have been sinking in long, dreary marches by night and day, to buy us liberty. Oh, how often in the ball-room, when the music, and merriment, and gayety were all at their very highest, have I seemed to see the haggard, reproachful faces of those sick and dying men, and heard their voices calling to me—'Is it to buy liberty for such as you that we are laying down our lives?' I have envied the women who have left their homes and sacrificed every comfort and pleasure of life to go down as nurses in the hospitals, and day by day the voice of my own soul has said to me, 'You are unworthy, Rusha Spencer, of your sex or your country, to waste your time and thought in miserable ways like these, while your country is in her awful struggle of life or death. Brave men are dying, and all over the land women are made widows, and little children fatherless, for such ungrateful things as you!' And I have felt so utterly mean and degraded that I have almost wished the earth would open and swallow me up, and wondered that God did not once more rain down fire and sweep off from the face of the earth everybody who takes part in gayeties and revels in a time like this."

The earnest voice had held every listener. The words she spoke now had been seething in Rusha Spencer's soul more or less ever since she had left home, and now when they could be no longer repressed, they broke out strong and fervid as the nature in which they had so long dwelt. They could hardly fail to impress for the moment her audience. Whatsoever of right or generous instinct was there could not fail to respond more or less to the truth that young, eloquent voice put to each so strongly. For a moment after she ceased there was silence, and Guy broke it, drawing a long breath, and expressing in his rough way the impression that his sister's speech had made on his boyish nature—

"I tell you, though, Rusha's some pumpkins when she gets to talking. She makes one feel small, boys."

Ella was the first to rally. "Well, I always said this war was an awful thing, and I pity the men who have been dragged into it. But then what good will it do for us to sit at home in sackcloth and ashes, and not take a moment's comfort of our lives because the people are at war with each other. As for hospital nurses," and she gave a little shudder, "you know we could never come to that, Rusha."

"I'm not so certain, Ella. But granting that we have not the years and experience indispensable for these, we could give our time and means to our country, instead of expending them on ourselves and our dresses."

"Well, if you will set the example perhaps I shall be stimulated to join you in good works, only," a little afraid that Rusha might take up her proposition, "you know that you and I do not agree as to the necessity of this war. I think for my part it's the duty of those who brought such a dreadful state of things upon the country to see us out of it, and in my opinion the only way to do that is to make terms with the South."

"And who are the men who, as you say, Ella, brought this war on us?"

"You know well enough—the Abolitionists and Agitators, with all that eternal harping on slavery."

Rusha opened her lips to speak, and Ella saw that she had imprudently thrown down the gauntlet to an antagonist who generally got the better of her in all discussions of this sort, when her mother came authoritatively to the rescue—

"Now, girls, stop just where you are. You know to what this talk always leads, and you'll get straight into a wrangle about politics, which, in my opinion, the less women have to do with the better."

"I haven't any opinions to-day," replied Ella, very willing to be let off so easily, and getting off the lounge with a yawn. "The truth is, I was out so late last night that I'm completely used up this morning."

"Oh, Rusha, I forgot, here's a letter for you," said Tom. "It came yesterday."

She seized it eagerly, as all young girls do letters, opened and read it, looking up at the close—

"It's from Esther and Lucy Daggett—dear girls!—with a most pressing invitation for me to come on and pass a week or two with them before I return to New York. Such delightful rides and rambles and all sorts of good times as they prophesy! Now how pleasant it would be to drop down there in that old farm-house and have a little rest and careless freedom before one goes back to the city."

"Shut up away off there in that old country farm-house," remarked Ella, "I should think it would be an intolerable bore," shrugging her shoulders.

"I'm sure I should enjoy it immensely, if one of you boys would only go with me."

"Excuse me," said Andrew, "I've got other fish to fry."

"How long is the journey?" asked Tom, reflectively.

"Less than a day, Lucy says. Oh, Tom, if you would only go now. How delighted they would be!"

"And, Tom, I say, you could help those pretty country girls churn the butter and milk the cows—capital sport!" rallied Andrew, who now affected fashion and foppery in every form.

"Don't mind what he says, Tom," and Rusha's hand dropped coaxingly on the shoulder of her favorite brother. "You know we could have a glorious time there," and she went on, dilating in glowing terms on the varied delights which the prospect of a visit to Berry Plains afforded, until Tom was fairly won over into a promise of accompanying her.

"I'm not going to be bullied by Andrew," he said, stoutly enough, but with an inward consciousness that he would have to stand a merciless fire of running jests from his brother about "blooming country milk-maids," and all that sort of thing. "If you go, Rusha, I will, hang me if I won't."

"Oh, ma, do say I may go, just for a week or two—it will do me so much good, and Mrs. Daggett will take nice care of me," appealed Rusha.

"Well, I'll see what your father says when he comes up Saturday night."

Rusha knew her point was gained then.

But on what very small hinges turn the great destinies of life. Rusha Spencer little suspected that interview on Broadway with the Daggetts would in some sense shape and color all her future.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Mrs. Daggett, Lucy, Esther, we've come!"

The clear, glad tones rang like a bell through the stillness of the old farm-house, and there ensued a sudden rush of females from kitchen and dairy to the front hall, where the mysterious announcement disclosed itself in the shape of Rusha and Tom Spencer.

There was no doubt of the welcome that followed—noisy, hearty, gleeful, with old-fashioned hugs and shaking of hands that were pleasant to see, and in the midst of it Tom declared that he "must come in for his share," and was actually kissing Lucy and Esther on either cheek before they comprehended what he was about, when it was, of course, too late to prevent his audacity.

"Girls," laughed Rusha, "you know that he was to come only on condition that he behaved himself, and I assure you that he will have to be constantly reminded of his precarious foothold here."

"Yes, Tom, we shant allow you to forget it if you go on in this way," answered Lucy, glancing archly over her shoulder as she led the way into the pleasant, old-fashioned parlor, where her mother was already unclosing the blinds.

"Why didn't you write and let us know you were coming, in time, Rusha dear, so that pa could meet you at the depot?" asked Mrs. Daggett.

"Because Tom and I made a plot to take you quite by surprise; and such a jolting as we have had over the hills for the last hour in that lumbering old stage. I enjoyed it immensely, though, and whenever we came on a particularly rough section, I told Tom for his consolation that it was only a faint reminder of the sort of travel our grandfathers and mothers had to undergo."

"Yes, girls," laughed Tom, "Rusha took it like a heroine, and the harder the jolt the better she seemed to like it; but I must say, without intending any disrespect to my grandfathers and grandmothers, that my bones were decidedly in favor of modern travel."

There was a general laugh here, and when Mrs. Daggett could be heard, she inquired about the health of the universal Spencer family.

"All well and flourishing, thank you, after the Saratoga siege, which isn't a light one. We disintegrated at the steamboat yesterday morning, Andrew and Guy undertaking to see ma and the girls comfortably down the Hudson, while Tom and I beat a retreat to you. Are we too late for the berries?"

"Oh, no indeed," put in Lucy and Esther, simultaneously. "The berries are just in their prime, and the peaches and the pears—" Here one voice drowned the other, and in the midst of it all Mrs. Daggett bustled off to the dairy on hospitable deeds intent, and left the young folks to make their plans for future picnics and exploits, which they did, chatting away like so many magpies, with peals of laughter at the droll remarks of Tom, who really outshone himself on this occasion.

And at last Mr. Daggett, who had no suspicion of all which had transpired, having been engaged since dawn in clearing out some woodland for cultivation, returned home, and was despatched by his wife, without any pre-

vious enlightenment, to the parlor, which he entered in his shirt sleeves, and if his welcome to his guests was not quite as demonstrative as his wife's, it was equally hearty.

What a transition was this life at the farmhouse, this hearty, rioting, careless home-life, to that gay, luxurious, artificial one out of which she had just passed! Rusha entered into it with an intense relish, which proved there was something sound at the core of her nature. She put those little soft white hands of hers into all sorts of dairy work, with that pretty, half childish earnestness that was so characteristic of her. She was now energetically turning the cheese-press with Mrs. Daggett, and now she was assisting Lucy in the revolutions of the churn, and then, with her little sun-hat aslant on her hair, she was eagerly searching among the hay with Tom and Esther for freshly-laid eggs.

Saratoga set no such roses in her cheeks as those mornings among the hills—mornings whose dewy freshness was stung through with all fragrant wood-scents, and with the fine salt savor of the sea, for the old Daggett homestead stood only about three miles back from the shore, down near the south-eastern curve of the Massachusetts coast.

Rusha's enthusiasm was of a contagious nature, and her companions were bright, merry, responsive, "with not quite so many airs," as Tom privately expressed it to his sister, "but every bit as intelligent as any of your Newport and Saratoga belles," to which Rusha cordially responded.

So the young folks passed most of their time out of doors in all sorts of berrying exploits, and improvised picnics, and searches for picturesque points, while Mrs. Daggett remained at home absorbed in the preparation of meals, whose very sight would have tempted the most fastidious epicure, and to which the tired and hungry party were certain to bring ample appetites at last.

Rusha's face came out now of all the weariness and dissatisfaction which it so frequently carried. Bright, fresh, eager, it had never looked so pretty as in these days, when there was nobody to admire it except Farmer Daggett and his family.

It seemed as though everything conspired to make this visit complete. It was in the early September, and the days wore their royal garments of autumn sunshine, the air swung through its vast censer all sweet and thrilling perfumes, and every hour seemed to have been let right down out of Heaven, with the joy and

glory lingering yet upon its face. And in this merry, simple, wholesome life, in this beauty and glory of the year, Rusha's soul seemed to slip off the doubts and bewilderments which made so much of her life a perplexity and a discord.

In a way that she knew not of, the human heart of His child drew nearer her Father as she went out day by day into the great tabernacle of nature which He had set as a witness for Himself in the earth. In a blind, uncertain way it was that she went up to her worship, but mind and heart were both soothed, gladdened, strengthened, and somehow she found herself dreading a return to the world she had left behind her; and this feeling discovered itself in some plans they were laying one evening after tea for the next day's expedition.

"Lucy," said Esther, "we haven't taken Rusha and Tom over to the cave yet. It's a real natural curiosity, and, indeed, the chief attraction to strangers in this vicinity. Suppose we go over there to-morrow. The berries will keep until next day."

"Where is this cave, Esther?" inquired Tom.

"Not more than four miles from here, down among the rocks by the shore. The scenery is wild and interesting all the way, so much so that there are several private boarding-houses in the vicinity always filled with people from the city."

"Then that's all I want to know of the cave!" supplemented Rusha.

"What does all that mean?" asked Tom, for his sister had enforced her words by a grimace that drew a laugh from her friends.

"It means that I abhor and detest people from the city in all shapes and ways—that I'll run away from them as I would from spiders and snakes. I've had enough of them this summer."

Lucy patted her friend on the shoulder, thinking this was another of Rusha's pretty whims, which the whole family was ready to indulge to any extent.

"There's very little probability of our meeting anybody on the rocks, and if we should chance to come upon a party it would not be difficult to avoid them."

"But what sort of a cave is it?" pursued Rusha. "Has it a history, or a witch with burning eyes and wild hair, or a tradition of a bear, or any pleasant savor of dark mystery and tragedy clinging to it?"

"Nothing of the kind," laughed Lucy. "It's the most innocent cave imaginable, just a little dark square room, made by the over-

hanging rocks, and at the entrance there is a magnificent view of the sea and the long line of coast, and you can see the fishermen's nets laid out to dry, and their little houses scattered all along among the rocks, and their wives netting seine in the doorways."

This picture attracted Rusha. "It would all be new to us, Tom," she said. "But the cave would be so much more interesting if it only had some dark mystery or tragedy associated with it."

"Let us go there and make one," said Tom, and so it was settled, half in jest, that they should visit the rocks next day.

The hearty, out-door life necessitated early bed time, and such sound, sweet sleep as Rusha had been a stranger to since her childhood, but that night, before she reached her chamber, she turned back, rubbing her sleepy eyes wide open enough to find her way down stairs.

"Mrs. Daggett," she said, startling that active housekeeper as she was putting out the lights, "you know I am to be called up in time to take my first lesson in milking to-morrow morning."

"So she is—bless her heart!" said the warm-hearted little woman, as she turned round and caught a vision of a very fair face, in the wide old doorway, with the fingers rubbing the sleepy brown eyes, just like a tired little child's, and while she looked the vision was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

The next day seemed a living glory and joy let down out of heaven. Only the autumn holds such. The earth was entranced with it. Such radiance of sunshine; such joy of winds in leaves and grasses; such sail of purple and silver mists along the heights of the mountains; such a vast praise and worship of sky and earth as is sometimes sent us as a witness and prophesy of the glory that shall be.

The little party started off after an early lunch, in Farmer Daggett's country wagon, this having superseded for the excursion the family buggy, which, though more respectable, was less capacious. Tom managed to whisper his sister, as he handed her into the wagon, "What would Ella say to see us now! She and mother must be taking their airing down Broadway about this time."

A vision of the elegant "turnout," with its liveried coachman, rose before Rusha, and she glanced at the old wagon and ancient mare, which had done veteran service betwixt the farm-house and the mill, and the contrast

forced a hearty laugh from her, in which Tom, guessing his sister's thought, joined heartily.

"Never mind, Tom, I think we're the happiest—at least I wouldn't exchange."

"That's so," said Tom, gathering up the reins.

Rusha stood there, all alone, looking out to sea, for while Tom had gone off with the girls to gather sea-weed among the rocks, she had returned, drawn by some irresistible spell to this point. Behind her was the dark, narrow entrance to the cave—around her the bare, gray headlands, and beyond the long, brown, sparkling curve of beach, and the green glitter of the waves as they ran up the sands. Their pleasant laughter came up to Rusha Spencer as she stood up there among the rocks, looking off at the wide blue flooring of ocean, and thinking with some new thrill of gladness and reverence of Him who had laid those vast timbers of its waters, and shut the doors, and set the bars and bolts of the mighty sea that strove and wrestled vainly beneath her. Do you see her as she stands there against the bare gray background of rocks, all a glitter in the sunshine, her little sun-hat drooping on one side of her head, her lips and cheeks full of a new, bright bloom, with a warm glitter of sunlight in her fine brown hair, and her dress, some soft fabric of gray travelling cloth, dropping in many folds to her feet.

Suddenly the wind brought round to her a most unwelcome sound of human voices close at hand—merry voices, one of which rose above the rest, with a kind of laughing impatience, "I wonder if there is anything to see worth such a rocky pilgrimage as this!"

"Look there, and tell us," answered another voice, and then—Rusha had no time to run away, several figures came around the sharp angle of the rocks—there was a sudden start and recoil on their part, she looked up, and met a brown bearded face, without any suspicion of the singular impression she was making there, alone in that attitude on the rocks—a pair of dark eyes searched her a moment through their glasses.

"Is it possible—have you dropped from the clouds, Miss Spencer?"

"Dr. Rochford?" surprise and pleasure just balancing themselves in her glance and smile, as he gave her his hand.

"Of all places in the world, this is the last one in which I should have expected to find you."

She evidently relished the young man's sur-

prise so much that she was in no hurry to enlighten him, and in a moment he had sufficiently recovered from it to turn and present his sisters to her.

It was natural the ladies should regard each other with some curiosity. Rusha thought that the doctor's sisters fully sustained Tom's definition of what a real lady was, and they were prepared to feel an interest in her derived from their brother's estimate of the girl.

"Now, Miss Rusha, am I to be illuminated or not, as to when and how you got here?" inquired the doctor, as soon as the presentations were over.

"Not quite yet," with a little playful defiance in her smile. "The ocean should have your first regard."

They were the sort of people to understand the fine appreciation of the scene before them, which this remark indicated, and for a few minutes that followed there were no words spoken outside of the picture of sea, and sky, and line of coast, but standing still, and silent for the most part, each drank in the strength, and glory, and beauty of the view. Then at last Sicily turned, and with that bright playfulness which was, in its way, as attractive as the sweet gravity of her elder sister, she said, "I suspect our brother is consuming with curiosity, and I confess to sharing it, Miss Spencer."

"Then, dearly as I love a mystery, I will not keep mine any longer. Instead of dropping from the clouds, I came here in the most prosaic, old-fashioned country wagon."

The ladies glanced around them at the rough and jagged headlands.

"Oh, I mean as far as the little grove of pines at your right. I scrambled up the rocks with the rest of our little party, and tried to go down with them when they set off on a search for shells and sea-weed, but the view here compelled me back again, and there it stands my defence and apology."

Her hearers evidently regarded it as an ample one, but the doctor still pursued—

"You are visiting in this vicinity, then?"

"Oh, yes—I beg pardon, my account must seem very incoherent. When the time came for our family to return to New York, after a summer crowded with all sorts of gayety and sight-seeing, I took a fancy to run off to Berry Plains to where some old friends and former neighbors of ours had removed. I wanted a taste of real, old-fashioned, homely country life, which I was certain to find here, and I persuaded Tom into accompanying me."

"Thank you. I am sure Fletcher feels relieved now," added Sicily, archly.

"And now, wont you catechise me in turn, Miss Rusha, else I shall have an uncomfortable feeling of having been intrusive?"

"If you put it in that light, certainly, not admitting for a moment that I share your feeling of curiosity."

The doctor then proceeded briefly to inform Rusha that he had established his sisters for a month in a quiet boarding-house, less than two miles off, where they had found plenty of sea bathing and country air, and quiet, they not taking kindly to fashionable haunts, or gayeties of any sort that summer, while himself managed to run away to them every moment that he could spare, and a good many that he could not."

After these mutual explanations, a talk—informal on all sides—ensued. Under different circumstances the Rochfords and Rusha could not have become so well acquainted for months; but mere conventionalities were of course out of place and impossible here, where they stood on those lonely headlands with that vast illuminated missal of sky and earth spread out before them.

Talk it was of a sort that Rusha relished keenly, and that brought out the brightest mood of the girl; talk that played and sparkled mostly, and yet that every now and then was shaded with some seriousness, as is always the case with people who have thought and felt deeply, and conscientiously, and that was full of pleasant allusion, association, suggestion.

At last there was a shout from voices below, and in a moment Tom and his companions panted up the rocks.

"Rusha Spencer, such a search as we have had after you. You are the most provoking—why—why, doctor!" as he caught sight of the physician, and the ladies beyond.

Great was Tom's amazement, shared by Lucy and Esther, but a few explanations despatched the whole matter, and the party thus reinforced made a descent to the beach, as hilarious a little company as you can imagine.

Two or three hours later, Rusha said, looking off at the west where the clouds burned like one vast mountain on fire, "Oh, dear, to think there must come a sunset to the very brightest days of one's life?"

"And a sunrise to the darkest night," added the doctor, who happened to be standing near her at the moment.

She turned upon him the brightness of her

face. "Oh, thank you! I shall try and remember that some time—some time when I have need of it."

"I have been thinking," said Angeline Rochford, looking up from a little collection of shells and sea-plant which she had been assorting with Lucy and Esther Daggett, "that it was not possible you could ever have any need of that sort."

Some feeling slipped like a shadow over the light in the girl's face. "If you knew," she said, with a little ring of sadness through her voice, "you would never think so again." Then she turned with that bright, swift earnestness which always startled people until they came to know her well. "Are you always happy?—content, Dr. Rochford?"

"I? oh, no, certainly not."

"But in a day like this, when one gets away from all the bewilderments and confusions—above all, the dreadful affectations of life, and comes face to face with the peace of nature, one cannot help wishing that such a day and such a mood would last forever. That is why I wished there could be no sunset to this one."

"But you remember what our poet says in that psalm of his that it seems to me must ring down through all the ages, whatever other voices are lost, that enjoyment is not the great purpose and destiny of life, and if we go seeking, we shall never find it."

"But I do," answered Rusha, turning and sending her gaze far out to the sea. "Yes, I am sure that is, get to the bottom of it—the real dominant purpose and aim of my life, enjoyment."

Here Tom, who happened to be standing near, broke in with—"What an odd little freak that is, Rusha, to be always slandering yourself. I don't think it looked very much like living for 'enjoyment' when you gave us all such a lecture at Saratoga for having a good time generally this summer, while the country was in the midst of this war. You ought to have heard her, doctor; I haven't got the thunder out of my thought yet."

Dr. Rochford had a smile of rare and beautiful expressiveness. He bent it down now on Rusha's face, in a sweet, silent approval, that gratified her in the midst of her embarrassment.

"Tom, that talk was intended solely for family ears, which you ought to have remembered before alluding to it here."

"Well, it was a great shame that the world should lose the benefit of it, anyhow."

Here Tom was interrupted by a call from the

ladies, who wanted his assistance in securing some aquatic plants that had drifted in with the tide close to the shore, and so the doctor and Rusha were left alone there on the sands, with the narrow white broidery of surf rolling up close to their feet.

After a moment the doctor spoke to his companion as he would not probably have spoken to many young women. "I thought I was familiar with the sea—with its language, its moods, its silences; but this summer it has some new voices and meaning for me; I think we shall read many things even in nature plainer by the red glare of this civil war."

Her gaze went far out over the waters, until it touched the distant horizon. Her face wore that wistful, half-childish look, which was perhaps its sweetest. "I do not know," she said, half communing with herself, "that the war has brought me any new revelations; I have not come near enough to it, either myself or through any one that I love."

"But your country," he said, gently.

"Oh, yes; I forgot that. I remember the day papa came home and told us how our flag had been fired on at Fort Sumter, that latent love of country which suddenly fired my whole soul was a new revelation to me."

"I suppose it was to all our countrymen and women worthy of the name. And then that time served to show us, too, what mysteries we are to ourselves and to one another."

"Everything is a mystery to me," with some doubt haunting her face and voice. "The longer I live, the less I find of that which I love most."

"What is that?" asked Dr. Rochford.

"Realities."

"I understand, Miss Spencer, because I have been in that same mood of doubt and unrest. It is a dreary one enough."

"And you are out of it now?"

"Yes; thank God—yes."

"In what way—by what means?" her questions going, as Rusha Spencer's always did, straight to the bottom of the thing.

"It would take a long while to tell you; only, there are a few grand, central truths, in which if one's soul be thoroughly anchored, whatsoever else is dark, mysterious, vague in this world, ceases in a great measure to harass and perplex one. Do you believe this?"

She brought her gaze in from the sea. "I don't know what I believe, or whether I believe anything at all," she said, in a dry, hard tone, that might have deceived one who did not know what lay back of it—"I am all afloat in

creed and faith, which are the deepest things of every human life."

"I have been through all that," said the doctor; "I wish I could help you."

She looked up at him, touched by the sympathy in his voice, with some doubt and beseeching pathos in her face, and the sunset threw down a sudden glory upon the delicate features and flushed lips, and upon the fine dark hair, in which the sea winds were at play, and something in the doctor's words, and in the scene where they stood, with the solemn pomp and glory of the sea, and land, and sunset, drew Rusha out, as in other circumstances would not have been possible.

"My belief, if I have any," she said, "depends upon my moods, and that is not the sort of religion I want, but something strong, steadfast, mightier than life—something that will abide with me in my happiest hours or my saddest—something that will strengthen and uphold me through every grief, and loss, and change of life, and that will stay with me when life itself goes out."

"You are right there, Miss Spencer. Religion must be all that to each one of us, or nothing?"

"But is there any such religion?" she asked, with a vehement earnestness which told how vital a thing the question was to her. "I hate cant, hypocrisy, superficiality; but above all things I loathe and abhor them most in religion, or what people call this, and here, it seems, more than anywhere else, I find them."

"But all the wrong, and weakness, and imperfection, does not affect the vital question of the reality—of truth, and of our need of it," he said.

Again she sent her wistful eyes out to sea. "But it shakes my faith in it. It is easy and pleasant to believe to-day, with all the strong joy and grandeur of this scene about me, that there is a Father, all-wise, and tender, and loving, watching over and caring for us every moment, and it seems easy and pleasant to trust and love Him now. But I know from experience that this will not last—that there will come times when all faith and belief will forsake me; when doubts and fears will roll in upon me like cold, chilling mists, and I shall go drifting about in the dark, with no hope, no anchor for my soul."

She was repeating here so completely a phase of his own experience, that if Fletcher Rochford had been describing it himself, he would not have found need to alter a single word.

"You will perceive that I am better prepared to comprehend your feeling, Miss Spencer, when

I tell you that it seems to me there is no chill and gloomy abyss of doubt and skepticism which I have not sounded. I know all the unutterable anguish of that plaint of the soul when it wanders through the thick darkness, asking—'is there a God, and where is He?'"

She looked up with startled wistfulness, in his face. She felt that in some sense his struggle had gone into depths where hers could not follow him, for Rusha Spencer's soul had never consciously asked the first of these questions.

"But these things of which you speak—what removed them?" she asked, softly.

"They passed away when I learned what his love was—what it meant. That is the one only sufficient answer to all our doubts and fears—to all wrong, mistake, and grief," his smile strong, joyful, beautiful.

There came a sweet solemnity over the face of Rusha Spencer, as she listened; then her voice broke out again, in a kind of passionateness—

"But if He is this great, tender, discerning Love that you say, why does He not take pity upon all the wrong, and grief, and anguish, that go on under His eyes? At times the sense of it, and the pity I feel for others, almost drive me frantic. Think of the wickedness, the oppression, the suffering and misery there are in the world! What does it mean?—why does He not help it, if he has the Power and the will?"

"You are asking the question which has tried sorest the faith in all ages of those who have believed in Him. We cannot fathom all the counsels of our God. But it will all be made right and light at last. The clouds lie betwixt us and Him, but beyond, where He is, there is no darkness. And we need not doubt that the Love which has done and suffered so much for us would save us from all unhappiness, if it might be. Into that sublime, central, precious truth, that He loved us and gave Himself for us, all doubts, questions, fears must be absorbed."

Again Rusha Spencer's gaze went mournfully far out to sea. "I wish I had this religion," she murmured; "I wish I knew what it was. But I only see that it is the one great question of life—the only thing that gives it dignity, meaning, strength, and without which it is at best a vague, empty shadow, at worst a burden and a misery." And looking at her, Dr. Rochford saw the tears aslant on her lashes. A feeling of ineffable pity for the struggling, thirity, perplexed soul by his side, came over him, a great longing to help and

comfort her; but after all, One only could do that perfectly.

"I think this longing and this knowledge of your need are the best prophecy that you shall find the truth; but it is likely to be slowly, through frequent paths of mistake, and uncertainty, and fear. Life is a system of development, and you cannot expect in yourself or look to others for perfect individual illustrations of the power and beauty of religion. Cant, hypocrisy, inconsistency, that terrible trio of stumbling blocks, you must always encounter. Neither can you look for complete results in a world where everything is so limited and fragmentary; but take broad outlooks; see what Christianity has accomplished for the world; see what it has wrought for the nations where it is more or less a living, vitalizing force, and what it has done for your own sex. And then I know that one soul enters far into the spacious roominess of one message in the Bible, and that another passes it by, entering at some other door, where are food and shelter; but there was a time when these words came to me with a wonderful force and depth of meaning—"If ye seek to know My will, ye shall know of the doctrine."

He saw how she hung upon his words. No danger of her thinking this man was not sincere to the core—that he had not lived what he said.

At that moment voices came down to them up among the rocks, where the rest of the party had been absorbed in inspecting and assorting their varied plunder of land and sea. As they were making their way to the others, Rusha turned back with that pretty childish abruptness of hers—

"What have I been saying to you, Dr. Rochford? I shall be frightened when I remember it."

"If you knew me better you would never have said that," and again that smile of his, entering her eyes like light.

They found the disintegrated party in a frolicsome mood, which, though a strong, was not a jarring contrast to their late talk.

"Fletcher," said Sicily, shaking her parasol at her brother as he approached, "we have entered into a plot against your liberties—so you may as well resign yourself to fate."

"At least let me know what that is to be."

"You are not going home until next week."

"What will become of my patients?"

"What will become of you if you take neither rest nor recreation?" retorted Angeline. "You

know you will break down if you go on at this rate. I put it to your conscience."

"When you have, as Sicily says, plotted to deprive that of all liberty in the premises. Ah, Angeline, such talk does not come with a good grace from you."

The laugh was against her this time; but the young lady seemed to enjoy it quite as much as though it had been somebody else.

Further investigation developed various small aquatic and forest excursions, which had been projected by the ladies and gentlemen of the house where the Rochfords were stopping, and also an invitation from Lucy and Esther Daggett to Berry Plains, of that hearty, informal character which had characterized the whole afternoon, and which, under other circumstances, would have been impossible on either side.

The doctor was fairly forced into acquiescence, insisting, however, that he had been deprived of the dearest right of an American citizen—his personal liberty—and that his sisters had, without due process of law, constituted themselves his keepers, an office which they merrily affirmed they were willing to occupy the rest of their days.

The invitation to Berry Plains, backed by the Spencers, was at last accepted, although other engagements precluded the specification of any afternoon for this; but Mrs. Daggett's active hospitality was never disconcerted by any advent of guests either day or night.

When this had been satisfactorily arranged, the fading light warned all parties that it was time to set about returning. That a mutually agreeable impression had been created, was proved by the comments of either party as it drove home.

"Well, Rusha," said Tom, urging along Farmer Daggett's placid old mare, "don't you think I was right about a real genuine through and through lady?"

"Yes I do, Tom," with a great deal of unctious. "She did credit to your perceptions."

"I think Dr. Rochford and his sisters are perfectly delightful people," added Lucy and Esther.

"Really, Miss Spencer is extremely interesting. I must admit that I was not prepared, even after what you said, Fletcher, to find so much in the girl—a lady, too, without a particle of 'mushroom' about her."

"Girls," said the doctor, thoughtfully, as their carriage entered the shadow of the wood, "I think here may be a Providential indica-

tion to you. Certainly your society might be wholesome in many ways to Miss Spencer."

"What did you and she find to talk about so long down there on the sands?" asked Angeline, a little archly.

"Nothing to jest about, girls. But, as I said, your society and influence is of the sort that she needs. She has reached a point now when higher social and moral forces, when people who occupy a different plane, and are influenced by another set of motives than those which she sees habitually in the persons around her, will be likely to have a strong and lasting effect."

"Don't you think Fletcher takes an unusual

interest in Miss Spencer?" whispered Sicily, putting her lips under her sister's hat.

"He always does, you know, in anybody that he thinks he can benefit."

"No he doesn't by any means, I'm sorry to say," leaning back until his head lay a moment in Angeline's lap.

After the laugh which followed, Sicily said, pulling his hair—

"We might have known you'd overheard us. You always had the ears of an Indian."

"They are the equivalent of my shortsightedness, I suppose," he answered, lifting himself up again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SUMMER BY THE SEA-SIDE.

ATLANTIC CITY CORRESPONDENCE.

BY D. W. DELISLE.

Life at Atlantic City assumes all the characteristics of much older "watering places." Formerly Saratogo, Newport, Niagara, and various other summer resorts, received the patronage of the *élite* and millionaire, while people of moderate means and modest pretensions, were obliged to seek sources of pleasure and recreation more within the range of their finances. As a matter of course, they sought health and amusements nearer home. Available shores along the Atlantic coast of New Jersey were found to afford advantageous sanitary influences, although public accommodations were not so ostentatious and grand. Cape Island and Long Branch were regarded for many years with a favor which still clings to them; but, they were not sufficiently accessible to the producing millions whose brawny arms swing the hammer, and whose labors perfect the luxuries we enjoy in fine clothing and mechanical skill. Cheap transit, therefore, to and from the sea was the great desideratum with them; and, these considerations entered largely into that project which culminated in the completion of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad to Absecon Beach. The possibility of making the island a popular place of resort during the bathing season, was the principle inducement that actuated the enterprise of building the railroad; for the survey lay through an almost unbroken region of pine and cedar forests, with but little pros-

pect of gaining sufficient way travel and transportation to pay expenses. But, the moment the public discovered an earnestness in the project of the road, and felt assured of its construction, a zeal and energy were exhibited scarcely met with in the development of railroad and social improvements. Immense tracks of land, covered with thick woods, at various distances and locations on the route, were immediately purchased, farms were cleared, villages and cities laid out and commenced on a liberal scale, with that vigorous perseverance which has resulted in the building up of such places as Weymouth, Hammonton, Egg-Harbor City and Absecon Village.

Nor was this enterprising spirit any the less exhibited on the beach terminus of the railroad. Here was a sweep of excellent shore extending a distance of nine miles, along a broad and eligibly located Island susceptible or laying out a "city by the sea," with streets of the most capacious character. A company, in conjunction with the stockholders and others interested in the road, was at once formed, and "Atlantic City" was commenced. Gradually the wild features of the place became changed, as the fashioning hand of enterprise, art and improvement touched them—the sand embankments which lay along the shore, like a line of breastworks guarding the coast—and which formed the outer barrier to the encroaching waves—were removed; the stunted trees were

cut down—swampy places filled up—and the young sea-side city bursted its chrysalis and came up in full and vigorous proportions, endowed with elements of progress and popularity.

The public are familiar with the history and characteristics of "Atlantic City." Well has the name been chosen; for here, by the shores of the ocean sweeping southwardly and eastwardly away into illimitable distance, like a blue rim far out on the horizon, the studious can contemplate the wonders of that Almighty Hand which holds and poises the universe in its hollow. For miles in extent the water presents one unbroken belt of beautiful surf rolling landwards, while the beach itself gradually declines into the water, as if going out to lave its smooth surface in every breaker that dashes up. The mild atmosphere in summer, the gentle breeze sweeping over us from the face of "the deep," the universal quiet that prevails, the freedom from noise, dust and bustle of inland cities, all conspire to add fresh vigor to the physical energies, to impart a more healthful glow to the cheek, and infuse new aspirations, hopes and ambitions to the careworn and mentally debilitated spirit. Here, too, we look out on the ocean sleeping tranquilly in its divine majesty, or swollen into enlarged proportions by the sportive winds. In these conditions this symbol of eternity is invested with peculiar inspiration. The mind takes in at a glance the magnitude of the scene, sees the typical representation of "that bourne whence no traveller returns," and feels abashed at the wonders it reveals. When we reflect upon the vastness of the sea; how it has slept thus in beauty, or boiled with maddening storms, from the morning when its waters were gathered together and the stars sang for joy at the dawn of creation—when we attempt to fathom the mysteries of its hidden depths, how many thousands of human beings have gone down to its pearl-covered bottom, what wealth has swept over its surface in commercial intercourse, and what vast riches have been lost in its waters, we are wrapt in profoundest reverence. In this respect, therefore, Atlantic City affords a wide field of attraction, for the mind needs something to excite its reflective powers, and to give new channels to investigation, as much as the body needs healthful food. The dull routine of city life—a walk from the dining to the counting-room, along an avenue barricaded on either side with continuous rows of brick and mortar, with nothing to relieve the monotony save the various business signs and articles of traffic, has but little in-

spiration to the grasping intellect that seeks knowledge by application and inquiry. But here, where the impress of Deity can be read in the mighty deep, where His voice is heard in the raging storm, and His power is revealed in the lightnings which flash like tongues of fire in the clouds, and in the stars that glitter above, while

"With scarce inferior lustre gleams the sea,
Whose waves are spangled with phosphoric fire,
As if the lightnings there had spent their shafts,
And left the fragments glittering on the field!"—

the mind becomes imbued with lofty conception of eternal beauty, and sighs over man's utter insignificance. From scenes like these we can gather useful and practical aids in the great drama in which we are playing a part, and cultivate in ourselves those attributes which God has given us for wise and noble purposes.

But, turning from these contemplations to the artistical features of Atlantic City, we are none the less astonished at the wonderful advances improvements have made. Ten years ago the site on which the city stands was a dreary and desolate waste covered with sand banks and marshy swamps—now, to a great extent, these sand heaps have been removed and deposited in low places. A pond of water then extended from North Carolina Avenue up to the Light-House, midway between the main street and Pacific Avenue, which, in some places, was three and four feet deep—now this pond is filled up, cottages and private residences dot it on every street, and where frogs and other insects held their nocturnal orgies, capacious gardens are laid out and beautified with flowers of every description indigenous to the climate, which please the eye and load the atmosphere with fragrance. All the main avenues are likewise lined with commodious and tastefully constructed cottages, presenting a spirit of enterprise which is worthy of commendation.

Gradually the proposition of making Atlantic City a place of permanent residence is infusing itself into the public mind; for, in addition to those who usually remain during the winter, it is believed that many other families are to make this city their future abode. A population of this character would give to Atlantic City a stability and business status which no watering-place which exists on the patronage of transient residents can ever attain. The railroad company are, likewise, interested in this important matter, and are facilitating its accomplishment with due energy and care.

Neither is the cause of education neglected. The people have erected for themselves a very handsome and commodious school-house, in which the children of Atlantic City enjoy the advantages of good schools. Able teachers are usually employed, and the fruits of their discipline and care are manifested in the courteous development and language of the children. Thus, amid the eager strife which characterizes this place in summer, among the thousands who come here to make money, or to indulge the vanity of pride and exclusive superiority, the permanent residents observe commendable care in developing the intellect and moral trainings of the rising generation, and in directing the minds of their offspring in the ways of rectitude and usefulness. These efforts are, also, greatly facilitated by the religious teachings they receive. A most excellent Sabbath school in the M. E. Church is carefully conducted under the supervision of excellent teachers, and Divine service is held in the same church, as well as in the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Catholic churches. The "young folks" have their singing-schools and rehearsals, which give mental pleasure and exercise to the mind. Many of the members are good performers, and meet from house to house for practice, thus creating social entertainments well calculated to ennoble the aspirations of all who engage in them.

Such are many of the permanent entertainments and indulgences at Atlantic City during the season in which the surf is not suitable for bathing. But when the "heated term" commences the programme "changes with the changing season." Then may be seen unusual activity exhibited all over the Island in preparing for transient sojourners, and in providing such attractions as will give them feelings of home welcome. At such times the physiologist, the philosopher and man of science, can read human character to much advantage. For here come all classes of people, for all kinds of purposes—some to gratify a wandering curiosity, some to display their tasteful and costly apparel; others to indulge their propensities for *appearing* grand; and others again for the sake of winning back health and recovering their physical status. These constitute a wide field for thoughtful reflection, and he who studies them for wise objects can scarcely fail to become greatly benefited therefrom.

As the season opens here are seen the young, the old, the gay and light-hearted, the sorrowful and sad, the healthful and the invalid, the

robust and the cadaverous, the wealthy and the poor, the princely merchant and the everyday mechanic, the gold gambler and the harlequin. In fact, men and women of high and low degree—all, all come here to indulge their peculiar fancies. But it is pitiful to see the broken-down in physical strength and health, with "feeble steps and trembling hands," enter into those exercises prescribed by their physicians, in order to recuperate their wasting energies. The young wife, in whose system the seeds of consumption begin to ripen into fruits of death, clasping her first-born in the warm embraces of maternal tenderness, looks anxiously towards the sea, as if she reads in its rolling waves the anodyne that will restore her to health and life. Her diet, her habits, her recreations, are all changed, and she looks eagerly forward to the time when her system shall conquer the consuming disease, and her constitution become vigorous again. But, oh, delusive hope! Physicians, the salt sea atmosphere, her change of habit and aliment, cannot check the encroachments of the fell destroyer, and in a few days the train carries back the inanimate mother robed in habiliments of eternal beauty. She was one—and many such are found everywhere—whose condition could not be benefited by any change, and she left her home for the sea-side to gaze on that illustration of eternity only to give her spirit up where the waves chant their unceasing anthem to the God who set their limits on the shores they wash.

Over on the other side of the porch, in the midst of that youthful group, sits an old man, whose whitened locks indicate the frosts of many winters. His face is wrinkled—his eyes are dim—his hands tremble—and his voice is weak. He, too, has come here to "seek health." Oh, what a contrast he makes to the joyous, romping children around him! The tide of life, even in the course of nature, can ebb and flow but little longer in the channels already nearly dry; and he, too, may never come back to the scenes and enjoyments of Atlantic City.

There, too, is the matronly lady, with her young and promising daughters just bursting into womanhood, and who appears deeply anxious for their future. How she watches over their wants—how she cares for their welfare—how she endeavors to excite popular favor in their behalf! With that maternal anxiety which characterizes an indulgent mother, she adopts all reasonable expedients to make her daughters appear more attractive,

refined and accomplished than others, and to take the lead in social and public soirées, in the parlor and the ball-room. How sweetly one sings the popular airs and songs of the day—and how exquisitely the other touches the piano! Now the tender emotions of the heart are stirred by the pathetic appeals of melodious song; and now the patriotic spirit is inflamed by rapid military overtures and battle imitations! Now, a sensitive appreciation of educated feeling is developed in substantial conversation; and, again, desire for gossip is gratified by "instalments of small talk," which opens an avenue into the affairs and circumstances of others less pretentious in aristocratic notions. Such are the distinguishing features in the life of those who come to "create a sensation" and display their attractive qualities.

Another class spend the summer months here for athletic exercise and amusement. They indulge in fishing, sailing, horseback riding, and other calisthenic enjoyments calculated to develop and enhance the muscular energies of the body, and strengthen the nerves. To such, Atlantic City affords unlimited advantages. Excellent drives, gunning and fishing grounds are found in profusion, and those who indulge the sport are liberally rewarded for their labors. Along the Inlet is seen a party of gentlemen following the teachings of Izank Walton—over towards Brigantine, some ladies and gentlemen are taking an aquatic excursion; and, farther up the bay, a group of sportsmen are engaged in shooting gulls and other less attractive fowls; and all, too, out of a desire to gratify the organ of destructiveness.

Now, gentle reader, let us go down to the beach. There the white-capped surf rolls in graceful undulations, washing the shore at our feet, and then retreat, as if to gather renewed energies for another greater and more fearful dash. But, this one only meets the fate of its predecessor, and thus they come and go, while hundreds enjoy the blessings derived from them in the exhilarating ablutions they indulge. How delightful! At times, one can ride the gathering billow—now it breaks over him in feathery spray! Now, we can lave in the tranquil waters—now its swells break angrily around us! This is the great panacea sought by the multitudes who go down to the sea for health and sanitary amusements. And, certainly, it has a beneficial effect upon the system, for many of the ailments "which flesh is heir to" are lessened in their effects by the influences exerted upon the body and mind by the saline

atmosphere, and other changes incident to life at the sea-shore. The poet illustrates this in the following lively stanzas:—

"Oh, give me a home by the sea,
Where wild waves are crested with foam,
Where shrill winds are carolling free,
As o'er the blue waters they come;
For, I'd list to the ocean's loud roar,
And joy in its stormiest glee,
Nor ask in this wild world for more
Than a home by the deep heaving sea.

At morn, when the sun from the east
Comes mantled in crimson and gold,
Whose hues on the billows are cast,
Which sparkle with splendor untold,
Oh, then, by the shore would I stray,
And roam as the halcyon free,
From envy and care far away,
At my home by the deep heaving sea.

At eve, when the moon in her pride
Rides queen of the soft summer night,
And gleams on the murmuring tide
With floods of her silvery light,
Oh, earth has no beauty so rare,
No place that is dearer to me,
Then, give me, so free and so fair,
A home by the deep heaving sea!"

Many wealthy and influential Philadelphians are impressed by the same spirit that moved the author of the foregoing lines, for they have provided themselves with tasteful cottage residences, where they reside with their families in summer, and enjoy the health-inspiring breezes that sweep over the island.

All these characteristics are rapidly tending to increase the advancement of Atlantic City. In the development of its advantages there is a power which cannot fail to give prominence and stability to the place. It is a city that must continue to grow in dimensions and in the number of its population; and, as these increase, new incentives will be offered for permanent business. It contains elements of expansion, and room for thousands of new houses. In time it will become the Venice of New Jersey, where trade and commerce will open new avenues of traffic, and where vessels may enter a safe harbor from the storms which prove so destructive along the coast. With a few substantial improvements along the Inlet, such as wharves, and other facilities for accommodating shipping, in addition to a much needed breakwater near the Light-House, this place would soon become noted as a seaport city, and enjoy the blessings of a profitable commercial interest.

In this delineation of features and life at Atlantic City, your correspondent has confined himself within the limits of facts; and still there are other interests than those alluded to

which contribute in no small degree to its attractions. No finer bathing can be desired, the surf being entirely free from that undertow which is so dangerous, and attended with so many serious accidents to those who imprudently venture out too far. This, in conjunction with the saline properties of the atmosphere which continually plays across the Island from the sea, gives a refreshing and invigorating glow to the spirit, elasticity and strength to the body, and infuses new energies and ambitions into the whole physical organization. For these obvious reasons physicians have judiciously prescribed this climate to the enfeebled, who take advantage of such advice in large numbers, and who, unless their ailments are beyond the reach of medical skill, return to their homes greatly benefited and improved. The excellent soirées and sociables participated in by the inmates of various public houses, and which are conducted with taste, care and decorum, afford other healthful amusements and exercises, while the bands of music in attendance make the air ring with inspiring melody. Every effort which liberality, experience and untiring assiduity can command, is exerted to increase the pleasure and comfort of those who come here. These give the status to the characteristics of Atlantic City, and must, in a few years hence, create it a populous and flourishing city.

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing on a single string. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it—it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a tree until every leaf thrills with a note on it, whilst a river runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps to the stars, which love music most, and sang it first. Then, how fondly it haunts old houses, mourning under eaves, singing on the halls, opening doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths.

EXTRACT FROM "CHILDE CLAUDE,"

An Unpublished Poem.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

A pilgrim stood beneath a stately palm,
And gazed upon the desert round him east;
The night air fell upon his brow like balm—
That desert seemed the years that he had
passed;
He was not what he seemed—how few there are?
A Fakir's robe and cap the pilgrim wore,
His dusty sandals showed he'd travelled far,
A Leech's pouch upon his arm he bore,
To famous Paria now his steps he bent,
There to perfect his skill was his intent.

Oh, Life! why dost thou lead us on, and wile
With thy twin sister, Hope, the passing years?
Who ever lived but found earth grief and guile?
Grief for the loved, who leave us naught but
tears,
Contempt for the deceit that round us spreads
Its net, and oft the wariless enthralls,
A game for little souls and smaller heads,
Yet in those meshes oft the giant falls,
Once down, like Gulliver, with myriad bands
They bind him, and shoot arrows in his hands.

Few like the Giant, burst their chains, and rise
To crush their many Lilliputian foes;
Few care or dare to break the thousand ties
That Fate perverse or baleful Fortune throws;
Cramping the mighty form, that free to move
Would o'er their heads have reared its statelier
height,

Yet some do snap those manacles, and prove
The power of high resolve, the sturdy might
Of the soul's will, and from unwilling Fame
Wrest Place and Power, Position and a Name.

Each human being's masked—to God alone
The subtle actor man, doth play no part:
Scarcely to himself are all his feelings known,
His loves and hates oft hidden—every heart
Hath in its depths a fountain, where it drinks
In secret, sweet or bitter waters; Marah's well
Oft mock's the soul's despair, and oft she thinks
Time has no blessed branch to cast its spell
And purify its waters—silent there
Stands on its verge Life's Niobe—Despair.

Yet let our faith be strong, and trusting wait;
The wheels of destiny revolve His will;
Evil must end, and every adverse Fate
Has its appointed mission to fulfil.
And comfortless and chilling to the heart,
Adversity's cold rains but thence arise,
The palm and pomegranate, and budding start,
The rose that sends its perfume to the skies;
All that is noble in our after years,
All that is lovely, hath its growth through tears.

IN EXTREMITY.

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"Ye were strangers in a strange land."

I was teaching school that winter in one of the border counties of far western Illinois. The district in which I chanced to be located was settled mostly by Germans of the Protestant faith, who had emigrated from fatherland at an early day, and crossed half the Western Continent to find a home on the banks of the Mississippi.

A wild enough country it must have been in those days, though only sixty miles from Saint Louis; but these hardy people had brought with them the characteristics of their nation—thrift, industry, and rugged health, three qualities absolutely essential and highly esteemed in a new country, where solid muscular strength is the one thing most needed—strength to wield the axe, to clear, and fence, and break the ground, on which the subsistence of all depends.

As the years went on, and the forests receded, and civilization advanced, these Germans, who had come in, a family at a time, till they formed quite a community of themselves, not only kept pace with their American neighbors, but outstripped them in the race for material prosperity, and at the time I speak of, possessed the most comfortable dwellings, the most capacious barns, the largest orchards, and the most productive fields for miles around.

The children of these people were my scholars; red-cheeked, thick-waisted boys and girls, speaking English with more or less facility, trained to habits of obedience at home, and therefore easily managed at school; not especially quick to learn, but attentive and faithful—very satisfactory scholars.

I boarded with the family living nearest the school-house—a family in good circumstances, occupying a large brick house, roomy and comfortable, but eminently Dutch in all its appointments. I like odd experiences, and the strange customs that prevailed there, the curious superstitions, the very language, of which at first I did not understand a single word—that was no inconvenience, however, as they all spoke English with greater or less fluency, and conversed with me in that language—the lavish profusion of everything, the warm friendliness and hearty good cheer, amply compensated me for the slight discomforts of a three months' sojourn in that out-of-the-way place.

I tried while there to learn German, but although I came readily enough to understand the language when spoken by others, my Yankee tongue persistently refused to adapt itself to the unfamiliar accents; and, try as I would, I could not pronounce a single word correctly.

The family consisted of a father and mother, several sons, one daughter, and a little granddaughter; but among them all, I liked the old house-mother best. Many were the stories she told me of her girlhood and her early married life in Germany, while I listened, interested, getting hints and glimpses of a life and experience so far off from my own, bits of personal and family history, with the flavor of Rhine-land about them, touches of pathos so simple and true, curious beliefs; and listening to her earnest words, I seemed to see not the coarse features and uncouth figure of the toil-hardened woman before me, but one younger and fairer, as she must have been before years of hard work had left their traces upon her, when she and her husband, among the vines of their native land, talked of America as a far-off El Dorado.

They had not found it so, however. Arrived in Saint Louis, after this long journey by sea and land, uncertain which way to turn, they were advised by one of their countrymen to follow his example and locate in C—— county. They did so, purchased a tract of wild land from the government, and the neighbors, the few there were scattered at long distances about the country, assembled and built a log house for the new arrivals—in the vernacular of the place, a "log cabin." In this their household goods were deposited, a supply of provisions was laid in, and their life in America began.

A lonely life it must have been to them, debarred, as they were, by reason of their ignorance of the English language, from free social intercourse with the few families who lived within visiting distance. These latter were disposed to be friendly, but their attempts at sociability were necessarily so unsatisfactory that they were gradually abandoned. There were two or three other Germans, with their families, living in the county, one of them

being the man who had advised Mr. F—— to move there; but they resided at a distance, and were, besides, so immersed in their own cares and labors, that, beyond a visit at long intervals, there was no intercourse between them.

So the long, pleasant months of Autumn passed away, and Winter came on, a hard, cold winter, the most severe that had been known for many years. The one travelled road was a long way from the little clearing of the German settler, and when the snow lay white over the paths and through the forest, stretching far away on every hand, a new element of desolation was added to the lives of the homelick group.

"Oh, Miss Allen, it was dreadful," said Mrs. F——, relating the horrors of that winter to me; "and after awhile I got sick; I had the—what you call him?—the rheumatism, so pad I could not turn in mine ped. Charlotte was a baby ten, and Carolina and Ferdinand was little tings, not pig enough to help any, and mine old man had to take care of them and do ebervting.

"But one say he got sick, too, with a fever. He was so sick, and he got bad so fast, and we could not send for a doctor nor let de neighbors know—there was nobody to go but the children, and they was noting but babies, and de snow was drie feet deep; they would have freed to det. The fever made my old man crazy. He got up out of his ped, but when he went to go back he fell just across the side, his face down in de ped clothes and his feet on the floor.

"I tried to get up and go to him, but I couldn't, and when I called to him he just lay so still like he was dead. I thought sure he was dead, and I wrung mine hands and cried, and the children called him, 'Fader! fader!' but he did not speak, and I knew then that he would never speak any more. And when night came the children crept into the ped with me, and outside the wolves howled and howled. And all night I could not shut mine eyes; and I thought how mine old man was dead and there was nobody to bury him, and after awhile I must die too, and then mine children must starve.

"The next day it was the same, and the next night was the night before New Year's. After the children had gone to sleep, I lay still, thinking about the pleasant New Year's Eves I had spent in mine own country, and the gifts, and the good wishes, and mine sisters. I should never see mine country any more, and

mine sisters would never know what had become of me.

"The wolves was still that night, and I could hear the clock tick in the dark, and outside the snow came down so thick, and fast, and white. When the clock struck twelve, a little rooster that an American woman had give me flapped his wings and crowed, and I put mine head under the quilt and cried, thinking how there was nobody in all the world to wish us a happy New Year but this poor little chicken.

"Next morning a man came to the house. He was a stranger, and had mised his way, he said; but, Miss Allen, I know the Lord sent him to us. God had not forgot us, after all," and, remembering that day more than twenty years ago, that old woman covered her face with her hands and wept like a child—wept as she had done on that morning when the "help" for which she had prayed came.

"The man was an American. He could not talk Dutch, but he could see what the matter was, and he done what he could himself, and then he went on to the nearest house and told the folks. They come right away to see us, American folks and Dutch folks; but the Americans was the kindest—kinder even than our own country people. I shall never forget how good they was—but it was the Lord's doings that we was saved that day."

THE BEST INHERITANCE.—Not money, nor honor, nor even a good name, is the best inheritance of a child; for above all mere secular gifts is a parent's good name; but there are some things that are better than that, namely, those transmissible moral qualities which put the soul from the first under the dominion of the higher instincts. From my mother I had a legacy which I should not be able to thank God enough for in this world, if I were to live for long ages. Have you not reason to thank God that you sprang from such parents as yours were? And do you not know that the nature which they handed down to you was one that represented, as it were in a journal, the point at which they left the conflict, having gained victory upon victory, that your warfare might be less and your victories easier? And that which you have inherited of tendencies towards things noble and true, and away from things selfish and false, you may transmit with augmenting power. Here is a great lesson of life. Gain moral victories, that your children may gain moral victories early.

THE HOMESTEAD BY THE SEA.

BY MARY A. GARY.

"A little more water, please, nurse, and then I will try to sleep."

Soft and sweet was the voice of the sufferer: fair, and almost girlish, the face lifted from the pillows for the kind Quaker nurse to bathe the flushed brow and moisten the parched lips.

Poor boy! It seemed very hard for one so young to suffer thus—to lie so long in that close room, with dreary hospital scenes and sounds around him; yet he had scarcely uttered a moan when they amputated the shattered limb—never a word of complaint through the weariness of the feverish weeks that followed. He seldom spoke, only lay there mutely watching the nurses as they moved from couch to couch, sometimes softly smiling as the gentle Quakeress bent over him with kind words and ministrations of mercy—smiled, perhaps thanked her, but that was all.

To-night there was a change; he was very restless and uneasy, and the moonbeams, as they stole through the narrow window, fell upon a face wrinkled with the contortions of some fearful mental agony.

"Nurse," said he, as she passed his bedside, "can't you sit by me awhile? I feel so strange; am in no pain, but something here"—and he laid his hand on his heart—"something here tells me that I shall never again watch the sun set behind those blue hills as I did to-night, and there is something I want to tell you before I die."

"Gently as a mother could have done, she smoothed the jetty curls from his forehead as she seated herself by his side.

"Thee mustn't talk too much, my boy, or thee will be too weary to sleep to-night."

"Well, nurse, as I was watching the shadows from the sycamore trees dancing in and out of the window to-day, something like a dream came over me, and I thought I was a little boy again, living in that old brown homestead down by the sea.

"Oh! how grandly the waves used to roll over the white, pebbly beach; how they used to crash and roar around the foot of the gray rocks, where sister and I used to play so many long hours. Little Abbie! with her flaxen curls and laughing, violet eyes, how I loved her. What golden hours those were when we built our shell-houses on the sand, tossed our

wicker boats into the midst of the wild waves, or, from the top of some jutting cliff, watched the light-house fire blazing out into the darkness of the ocean.

"But mother died; that sweet-voiced invalid whose love had made our home almost like Heaven. It was little work that the angels had to do when they remodelled her pure spirit to make her one of themselves. When we stood hand in hand by her grave-side, and heard the sods fall echoing upon the coffin lid, then we first began to feel that there was such a thing as sorrow; then it was that our real life commenced.

"Father was a stern, haughty man, with a high spirit, but no tenderness of heart. He was engrossed in his books, and we were left almost entirely to ourselves.

"I remember one dark night, we were standing on one of the great rocks near the house, looking at our favorite star—the lamp in the light-house tower—when suddenly it went out, and over land and sea all was thick, black darkness. Abbie shuddered, and drew closer to me, whispering half-fearfully—

"Oh! Arthur, that black sea is just like our home now since mother died, there isn't one ray of light there."

"Yes, Abbie, there is *one* ray left—the love of my sweet, my only sister."

"And standing there in the solemn darkness of the night, I promised God and my heart, that our home's one sunbeam should never be dimmed—that my life should be to hers a wealth of love and glory. Oh! God, if I had only kept that vow."

"Haden't thee better rest awhile now, my son, and take a little of this nice broth?" The calm, practical words broke strangely in upon the boy's impassioned language. She saw that he was overwheeled, and laying her fingers lightly upon his lips, she tried to coax him to sleep.

"No, nurse," the tone was less excited, but more plaintive, now, "you must let me talk a little more, or it will be too late. The rest I have to tell is so painful, I shall not linger over it long.

"At fourteen father sent me to the city, 'to become a man,' he said. I was 'too old to be dreaming over rocks and waves, scribbling

poetry, and learning girls' lessons.' It was very true, but my early training had not fitted me for the life I was about to enter.

"Try and forget all the foolish nonsense you and sis have learned, and remember, boy, you must be a millionaire some day, if you do commence as a clerk.' These were his only parting words, and with this *God-speed* I left home.

"I needn't tell you, nurse, how I fell into temptation, for you know as well as I, the allurements of a great city. At first the memory of sister kept me safe; her arms seemed to hold me back from evil; her sweet voice was ever ringing in my ears her farewell words, 'be good, brother, for my sake and our dead mother's,' but after awhile I forgot even these, and reckless as a boy of sixteen could be, I drank, swore, gambled, as I saw my vicious companions do. I forgot Abbie, mother, God.

"At last I forged a note on my employer; it was soon discovered, but being a friend of father's, he sent word to him, and by his gold, or some other means, I know not what, I was saved from prison.

"But oh! nurse, that news when it reached home broke Abbie's heart. Always delicate, pining like a caged bird after I left home, the stroke was too much for her, and soon the willow we had planted over mother's grave, swayed its branches mournfully to and fro over another one. Father told me of this when he came to see me in the little room where they had confined me after my sin was brought to light; then, with one of those terrible looks that once seen can never be forgotten, he said, 'Now, boy, you can go; you are no longer my son; here is gold, take it and live the fool's life you have commenced, but never, never let me see your face again.'

"He left me, to come no more, for in a few months he died, and even on his death-bed he never would hear my name mentioned. But from that hour I lived a new life, and though he never forgave me, God did. I would not take his proffered money, but I went into a far State, and enlisted in a regiment that was forming there. Do you wonder that I kept myself from the vices of a soldier's life, that I often met with sneers and scorn for my 'Methodist purity?' Ah! I knew too well the fearful cost of vice. On the morning of that last battle I believed I was to be killed, but all day long the cannons thundered around me shells flew thickly on every side, and I was untouched, but, just at evening, as I was helping a wounded comrade from the field, the fatal

ball did its work. To-day is my nineteenth birthday, it will be my last.

"Hark! nurse, did you hear that music? It is the roaring of the waves against the sides of our old gray rocks." He started wildly from the pillow, and as her cool hands touched his brow, and she urged him to lie down again, he fell back like an exhausted child.

"Yes, yes, I know I am at home now. How the moonbeams glitter on the sides of our old brown homestead, and don't you see, they have lighted the lamp in the light-house again. It has been dark a long time, or I have been asleep, but oh! I am so glad to get home again. Some one has told me such troublesome things, I almost thought the old house was buried in a quicksand, but no, it is here yet, and father, mother, Abbie, *all* are here. Oh! it is so sweet, so beautiful. Mother, your boy was tired, but your kisses have rested him. Come, Abbie, little sister, let us wander out among the rocks again, and let the foam splash over our little turrets of shells. But it is getting dark, so dark. Where is the lamp in the tower? Oh! if they would only light it again! There, it is shining brightly now, but the tide must be up, for the waves dash coldly over my feet; but wait for me, sister, I'm coming—yes, darling, coming!"

The moonbeams quivered in and out the hospital window, and shone on a marble face, smile-crowned, set with the seal of death. The breezes moaned through the sycamore trees with a sound like the motion of the distant sea, but the closed ears no longer heard it. Far away in the east one rosy streak foretold the dawn of day, but *his* eyes had opened to see the Immortal Day-star flashing its beams of glory over battlements of amethyst and pearl; and, standing there, just beyond the verge where the sea of life breaks its waves on the gray rocks of eternity, Arthur and Abbie Clare have clasped hands, and spoken in each other's hearing the countersign of the angels.

Here on earth one homestead stands deserted, its empty halls forever echoing to the tones of the stormy waters; near by, one willow droops over a triple grave; while, miles away, in a hospital graveyard, above another, newer one, stands a plain white slab, where some kindly hand has inscribed the simple words—

"Arthur, aged nineteen."

Mrs. Jameson says: "The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sugar of life is poetry; the water of life is faith."

LAY SERMONS.

BECAUSE HE FOLLOWS NOT US.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

Two men, members of the same church, were conversing together of an act of apparent Christian charity and benevolence performed by a neighbor professing a different faith.

"That was a good deed of Graham's," said Mr. Shields, heartily. "A good, noble deed," he added, with greater emphasis, as if to acknowledge it gave him the sweetest satisfaction. "I tell you, Brother Holden, we would any of us do well to imitate his example."

Deacon Holden hitched uneasily in his chair, shook his head a little doubtfully, but made no remark.

"I think John Graham is a Christian if there ever was one," continued Mr. Shields, looking steadfastly into the face of his companion, and speaking with all the more warmth and earnestness, perhaps, because of what he saw there.

"I don't know, about that, Brother Shields," spoke the deacon, slowly, with a sagacious air that plainly told he believed he *did* know. "We can't always tell from a man's actions whether he is a Christian or not. The works that appear righteous in our eyes may be full of abominations in the sight of the Lord. We can't see the heart, you know."

"And therefore we have no right to judge it evil," returned "Brother Shields," pointedly. "It is better to accept the appearance of goodness as a fact, than to indulge in groundless suppositions respecting motives which it is the prerogative of God alone to call to account. It is generally safe to believe a right action the outgrowth of right principles. And if we are deceived sometimes, no harm can befall us as the result of our simple faith, which can in any wise equal the injury we do ourselves by continually harboring in our breasts a suspicious and distrustful feeling as regards the purity of intention underlying deeds so manifestly good that we can find nothing on the face of them to condemn. I cannot share your doubts in the case of Mr. Graham. Nothing that I know or ever heard of him would justify me in suspecting him to be other than he appears—an honorable, conscientious, God-fearing man; and I repeat, if there is a Christian in the world I believe he is one."

Deacon Holden's face expressed contempt and severe displeasure, held slightly in check by the remembrance of his calling.

"And I believe that it is impossible for a man to hold the faith that he does and be at the same time a Christian," he said, with a vehemence that would have appeared like anger in any one but Deacon

Holden. Evidently the bare suggestion of this man's goodness was offensive to him.

Mr. Shields looked at him with surprise and disappointment.

"How is it impossible, brother?" he asked.

"Convince me that faith alone makes a Christian, and I will grant that I may be wrong in my estimate of Mr. Graham. Prove to me that doctrine is the key which unlocks the kingdom of heaven to men, and I will promise to study the creeds more carefully, and, in striving to ascertain the true quality of another, to ask hereafter, 'What does he believe?' and not as hitherto, 'What does he *do*?' But I think you will find me hard to convince.

For when John tells me, in his simple fervent way, that 'He that doeth good is of God;' when James assures me that 'faith, if it hath not works, is dead;' when Peter exhorts me to have fervent charity, 'for charity shall cover the multitude of sins;' when Paul declares that the greatest of the true virtues is charity, and that 'love is the fulfilling of the law;' and when the blessed Lord Himself says, 'My mother and my brethren are those who hear the word of God and do it,' and 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me,' I am constrained to believe that doctrine alone does not constitute Christianity, but that a second very essential element is needed to make the first of any avail whatever. And I feel compelled to assert this with stronger emphasis, since, to the overwhelming testimony just adduced is added the voice of God in my own soul continually assuring me that only by goodness and truth in life can I hope to please Him who is goodness and truth in essence.

"So it is, brother, that, judging neighbor Graham by the law of God, as I understand and receive it, I have come to regard him as a veritable Christian, nearer the kingdom of heaven, it may be, than some of us who make louder profession, and talk in more sounding phrase of the beauty and excellence of religion. Well might he, in the language of James, say to us who are so punctilious in matters of faith, 'Thou hast faith, and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.'"

"Any one that cunningly misquotes and misapplies the word of God as you do, Brother Shields, is a dangerous person," pronounced the deacon, who, whenever a Bible truth was presented that did not favor his peculiar tenets was accustomed to cry "Perversion of Scripture! perversion of Scripture!" For Deacon Holden's Bible was made to conform to his faith and not his faith to the Bible; and he never thought of reading the one excepting by in-

terpretation of the other. True, it required a good deal of straining at some points and repression at others to make the divine, uncompromising truth tally in all respects with the "creed" which human ingenuity had whittled out; but with the aid of various commentators of his own persuasion, (he was never known to consult one of a different way of thinking) the deacon had managed to get matters arranged mostly to his mind. Now and then some bold soul, instinctively asserting its God-given right to think for itself, and read the divine word without human interpretation, would run full tilt against a favorite "article," getting his whole system "out of fix," but like a spider whose web has been broken by some impatient traveller hating to get out of the wilderness, he would knit his curious fabric together again, with vengeance in his heart against him who made the ruinous rent.

The deacon's first care when he came into speaking relations with a stranger was to gauge him with respect to his religious beliefs, and if he found them to coincide with his own he received him as a brother indeed, but differences alienated him. In his opinion, a common faith constituted the tie of brotherhood; and as the highest meed of praise which he could bestow on a man was to call him "sound in doctrine," so the severest condemnation possible for him to utter was to pronounce one guilty of heterodoxy. (By heterodoxy he it understood a difference of belief from that entertained by the deacon.) He would never hear a sermon, and, if he knew it, never read a book whose author subscribed to any other views than his; in fact he looked upon professors of other faiths as little better than thieves and robbers, striving to enter the sheepfold by some other way than the door, and his wrath against all such offenders burned fierce and strong.

These things considered, it was not strange, perhaps, that the unqualified praise bestowed on Mr. Graham, whom he regarded as a heretic, smote Deacon Holden's ear rather offensively, and Brother Shields, whose friendships with the Amalekites, and the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Canaanites, had long vexed him, was made, that day, the subject of a cutting reproof administered after a fashion peculiarly the deacon's own.

Now, as to which was the most helpful agency in promoting the growth of a Christianly spirit among men—the deacon's faith, or Mr. Graham's works—we will leave the reader to judge from the following circumstance, which is a sample of many that might be related in illustration of the same point. In the neighborhood of the two men lived one of those reckless, abandoned characters that are a terror to peace-loving communities—Godless, defiant, disorderly; scoffing at all things good; regarding no law, human or divine; a "wild man," like Ishmael, "his hand against every man and every man's hand against him."

There was no sin in the whole catalogue with which Deacon Holden had not charged him as a

prefatory step in his attempted work of reformation, and having wrought the evil heart to the highest pitch of anger and resentment by useless accusation, he hardened it to defiance by vividly picturing the wrath of God against all such workers of iniquity, and conjuring up visions of future punishments and sufferings; and, as a final stroke in his attack on Satan's stronghold, knelt down in the offender's presence, and in his self-righteous fashion offered up a prayer, the purport of which was, "Lord, smile upon thy faithful servant, Deacon Holden, for he is going to convert the soul of this wicked man to thee."

As might be supposed, this "converting" process, several times repeated, left the sinner in a state considerably worse than the preceding one, and his hatred and scorn of religion and "praying folks" was increased tenfold.

So the deacon, taking much glory to himself for his pious efforts to reclaim the transgressor from the error of his ways, finally relinquished his labors, and gave him over to hardness and impenitence of heart, and Mr. Graham, who had stood aloof while this attempt to reform by violence was being made, drew gradually nearer, and with benignity in his look, and friendliness in his manner, set a light in the way of the sinner. Such kindly helps as were in his power to give he gave; such suggestions as he could throw out without offending, and such favors as he could confer without seeming officiousness, he did; but he uttered no rebuke, spoke no word of condemnation, and made no mention of religion; he only put so much as he could of the blessed spirit of it into deeds, in which form, it is probable, Levi Benton had so seldom seen it manifested, that if he had been told it bore the same name so often coupled on his lips with contemptuous epithets, he would not have believed it. Religion that talked and prayed over him he characterized by a simple, short, emphatic word—*cont*; but religion that gave him a neighborly grip of the hand, and evinced a disposition to aid him in every possible way that honesty would permit, was a new revelation to Levi—a vital, *real* thing that took mysterious hold of him, subdued the rampant evil of his nature, and woke his better instincts from the torpor of approaching death. From being made the recipient of kindnesses, a desire was created in him to do them, and sundry little services, trifling in themselves, but precious as the first fruits of a new spirit, were performed for Mr. Graham in a doubtful, shame-faced, apologetic manner, that gradually grew more assured as the novelty of doing good deeds wore off. First, from a wish to please one who had been so kind to him; then, from a growing consciousness that such practices were really shameful, he began to shun certain evils in which he had long indulged, and by and by, for the very satisfaction of it, to do a favor to a neighbor as the opportunity occurred; so slowly strengthened within him the spirit of "peace and good will to men," so slowly but surely grew he in

Christian graces, until even the deacon, whose labors to effect an instantaneous change of heart had been so fruitless, was forced to confess that Levi was truly "a different man."

"A different man, but I never said a better one," emended the cautious deacon, when Levi marred all the merit of his good conduct by uniting with the church of which Mr. Graham was a member. A capital offence that, a new dedication of himself to Satan, just a change of service, not of masters, reckoned Deacon Holden.

A few days after Levi's "committal," Mr. Graham called at the deacon's on some matter of business, which being hastily despatched, the latter nailed him at once with the charge of having led a misguided soul still farther astray by sophistries and wicked inventions.

"It's all your doings, Mr. Graham," said he, in solemn reproof. "You wheedled Levi into thinking you were about right, and he joined that church (as it is called) just to please you."

"Do you think so, brother?" There was a shade of concern in Mr. Graham's voice. "I can hardly accredit Levi with such motives," he resumed. "If you shall say to him what you have said to me, I am sure that he will tell no word of mine has ever influenced him in matters of faith, but he has been left in entire freedom to make his choice, as I think is right, for I have no wish to dictate another man's conscience. Had he seen fit to have united with you, I should have been equally pleased, for, satisfied that he is enlisted heart and soul in the good cause, and humbly led by the Great Leader, I consider it a matter of small moment what may be the name of the division in which he serves."

"So I am to understand that you think it of no consequence what a man believes," cried the deacon, with zest, thinking he had found a little peg on which to hang a controversy.

"Indeed you are not to understand that I think anything of the kind," was quietly answered. "I regard it highly essential that one should 'believe' in God, and testify his belief by obedience to His laws; but as respects those minor points of faith, about which men wrangle and stir up strife, I must say, frankly, that I look on them as of so little consequence, that the time consumed in bickering about them might, in my opinion, be much more profitably spent in doing those things which God has commanded in language too plain to admit of argument concerning His meaning."

"But I think a man should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him," urged the deacon, still wriggling with the controversial itch. "And frankness compels me to say that I believe this is more than you can do. Now if you can support your position by that, I've nothing against it," and Deacon Holden flung his Bible violently on the table by Mr. Graham's side, and set down with the air of a judge waiting to hear what the accused could say for himself.

And the man who "couldn't give a reason for

his faith" opened the Sacred Book hurled at him like a missile of wrath, and turned its leaves slowly, with lingering, loving touch, reading here and there a passage as if for counsel or comfort, then softly closed it up and laid it down with tender, reverent hand, but spoke not a word.

"I thought so," chuckled the deacon. "You can't do it!"

"No, Deacon Holden, I can't do it," was the calm rejoinder. "I hold God's Word too sacred to bandy it with you in the heat of a discussion such as you desire to draw me into. I believe that it is given to us for instruction in duty, and not as a base for angry disputations and noisy arguments that are often less for the vindication of truth than for the establishment of certain opinions of men. As for my faith, it rests upon the whole Revelation, and not upon a few select passages wrested from their legitimate connection with others. If you come to me in the true spirit of inquiry, putting away your prejudices, your dogmas, and your uncharitableness, I am ready to talk with you frankly and cordially of my reasons for believing as I do, but I will not argue with you, and I am not particularly anxious to convince you. Your faith is as good as mine if it helps you to do God's will. Brother, let us think less of our doctrines and more of our duties."

With a courteous good morning Mr. Graham went his way.

That evening, when the deacon took his Bible, it opened to a place where a leaf was folded firmly down, marking this passage—

"And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: And we forbade him because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not; for there is no man who shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part."

WHY MEN FAIL.

Mrs. Stowe says that people of small incomes, if they deny the palate to please the imagination, can adorn their homes with many gems of art. The following incident may be suggestive to many who find their incomes inadequate to their wants:—

A young merchant, who had just failed in business, having spent in four years a legacy of ten thousand dollars, in addition to any profits realized, was met by a thrifty young mechanic, who had formerly been on terms of intimacy with him. During the conversation which ensued, the merchant said to him—"How is it, Harry, that you have been able to live and save money on the small sum which you received for your services, while I found it impossible to live in my business with a good round ten thousand dollars to back me?"

"Oh," said the mechanic, "that is easily understood. I have lived with reference, mostly, for the comforts and tastes of myself and family, while you lived mostly with reference to opinions and tastes of others. It costs more to please the eye than to keep the back warm and stomach full."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

OBEDIENCE—ATTENTION—ORDER.

I was very much attracted by these three excellent rules which a friend repeated to me, as having been used in a school where she had placed her young daughter. I have often thought of them since. How great an influence they would exert on the character and happiness of any individual, who had been so happy as to be subjected to them! And as the mother's training is superior to and earlier than the teacher's, ought they not to be borne in mind by her also, and made the rule of the family?

For the first, how necessary it is that the younger members should be under a wholesome parental discipline; that they should early learn to obey some one. Without any organization, any recognized head whose word is law, there can be nothing but anarchy and confusion; certainly no happiness in such a household. That state of society where each one is master, and acts according to his own ideas of right or wrong, just as his passions sway him, is one of dread and terror; and is very properly deprecated by every person who desires the welfare of his country. So also we find that in a family, where the young people are allowed to have their own way, to do just as they please, without any restraint or guidance, the rights of each other will be little regarded, and their comfort and peace largely infringed upon. Thus we see that in families, nations, governments, God ordains a head or ruler, whose behests are to be obeyed, in so far as they do not conflict with the commandments which He has laid down for us to follow.

There are different modes of enforcing this obedience in a family—which is at present the only form of government we are discussing—and people have differed widely about them. Indeed the manner depends very much upon the disposition or health (both mental and physical) of the child. An attempt to bring all under the same discipline is a Procrustean method, the effects of which are often life-long and deplorable. Every parent knows that among a family of five or six members, there will be just as many shades of difference; and this even when their surroundings and manner of life are the same. Just as the features vary, so does the character of the child; for a child has an individual character of its own, the traits of which are visible at a very early age. One is disposed to be lively and sociable; another quiet and reticent; one fond of study; the other full of romp and mischief. The judicious parent will see at once that that which is a praiseworthy effort in one, is to the other merely following the bent of his own inclinations; that the discipline

necessary to subdue the stubborn will of one would break the gentle, loving heart of another. Truly, wisdom and mildness should be mingled with the authority of a parent; and for this reason perhaps, it is well ordered that the early years of a child are passed under maternal influence. A mother's heart rarely prompts her to deeds of violence and undue harshness. But on the other hand she should be firm and unyielding, in demanding obedience to her slightest commands. When sure that what she demands is right, she should see that she is obeyed. If the child has been accustomed to resist authority, there will be frequent contests; and whoever comes out victor rules.

A habit of attention formed in youth is very desirable. This may at first appear to be a small matter. But how often you hear the excuse urged: "I did not hear what you said." It should be, "I was not paying attention." The first military order is "ATTENTION." So it ought to be of those who have undertaken the care and education of youth. If for no other reason, it concentrates the thoughts, and fixes a habit. What is the reason that so often in popular assemblies, you observe the vacant countenance, the listless gaze? Simply because the thoughts have been accustomed to roam where they please, and are with "the fool's eyes at the ends of the earth." How often we hear persons lament over wandering thoughts in divine worship, or inability to fix their minds even upon that which they are themselves uttering, if repeated after a form. This is because the habit of attention is not early cultivated. Some people live a dream life, which is very pleasant but most injurious, making them absent-minded, and very poor companions.

The habit of attention also makes a child accurate in giving a statement of any occurrence. The reason so many persons give false accounts, or differ so widely from others, is not because they really delight in untruths, but their minds have not been educated to give attention to the facts and they offer suppositions instead. Train the child to attend closely to what is told him, and require him to repeat the word or message accurately, and you are assisting in forming the habit. See that he gives you a plain, unvarnished account of any little circumstance that has happened in his boy-life, and you are helping him to establish a character for truth, and to win that enviable reputation, "his word is as good as his bond."

Then as to order—is it not "the first law of nature?" Are not God's works all governed by fixed rules, and do they not move on in beautiful harmony? The seasons change at one particular

time; the heavenly bodies have their orbits, from which they never diverge; and even those that are most eccentric are governed by certain data, by which we know when they may be expected to reappear. If summer and winter, day and night, came by chance, or without order, they would come inopportunely. Some would have light all the time or total darkness; some parts of the earth would be barren, while others would have a rank, overgrown fertility. This would cause a chaotic confusion, which is the opposite of God's works of providence, and care over all his creatures.

If, then, order is desirable in the outside world, system and arrangements are equally so in our daily affairs. When we see persons neat and careful in their habits, planning out their different occupations, so as they shall not interfere with each other, assigning to every department its separate portion of time, and methodical in every way, we are apt to conclude that they have had excellent training. We may trace this back, perhaps, to the nursery, where the child has been taught a love of order, by being obliged to put his playhouse in neat array, pile up his books, and place them

where they can readily be found when wanted. Or to the school-room, where the orderly scholar kept his desk well brushed out, his papers and pens in place, his copy books unscuffed by a blot.

But how different is the case of one who has not been educated to a love of order. Not only are the ideas complexed and confused, but his habits are slovenly. Not accustomed to systematize his time, he begins twenty different things at once, and ends with accomplishing but little. How much such persons need the wand of the good fairy, Order, of whom we read in the old story books, to straighten out their complicated affairs, and put them in a right train. Who wants a house in disorder, a mind in chaos, a life spent without purpose or aim, a perpetual race after things left undone? No one will confess that they do; and yet many have all these merely for the want of order in their arrangements.

This subject is suggestive. The few hints here given will, it is to be hoped, interest mothers, and help them to cultivate in the training of their children OBEDIENCE, ATTENTION, and ORDER.

M. D. R. E.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE STORY OF PEWEET.

BY L. A. E.

Spring had come. We knew it by the melting of the snow away from the brown earth, by the rush and gurgle of the streams that had been frozen up all winter, by the faint tint of green over the fields, by the tender buds on the old oak trees, though how they managed to find their way out of the solid wood through the hard, brown bark, must puzzle far wiser heads than yours or mine.

But you have heard of the land where snow and frost never come; where the orange ripens on the trees all the year; where the most brilliant birds and flowers are found, and fruits more delicious than you ever tasted.

It was here that Pewee was sitting one morning under a palm-leaf, dressing her plumage, for she had just taken her morning bath in the water of the river, and was now smoothing her beautiful blue-black feathers. She was a dainty bird, and turned her head upon one side and upon the other, and hopped about so lightly, as though she was quite satisfied with herself.

Presently a party of older swallows alighted on the opposite bank of the river, and set up such a twittering and fluttering that Pewee flew straight over, to see what was the matter.

Such marvellous stories as they were telling about foreign countries, building nests, and rearing

young ones, and flying away across miles and miles of ocean! Pewee's vain little head fairly ached with the wonders she heard; she even forgot her glossy wings, as she went back to her station under the palm leaf.

Twit-twit saw her musing there under the palm-leaf, and circling round in his most fanciful style, suddenly alighted near her. He was a smart looking fellow, with very glossy greenish feathers on his neck. In her inmost heart, Pewee admired him very much; but she was careful he should not know it, so she took no notice of him, but turned round and snapped up a bug that was hurrying home to breakfast—alas, poor bug!

"Good-morning, Pewee!" said Twit-twit, hopping about in a graceful manner, and coming nearer and nearer the dainty Pewee. But she took no notice of him, and he got quite angry, and the glossy green feathers about his neck were ruffled, as he said, very snappishly—"You needn't put on airs, Miss Daintiness; I only come to tell you that we are all going to start on a long journey in two or three weeks, and shall stay a long time. You'll be lonely after Chir-a-chir is gone, won't you? You are so fond of him."

"Indeed! who told you so much? Yes, Chir-a-chir and I are good friends, and I should be lonely enough to have him go, if I were not going too."

"Tr-r-r-r! Oh! ah! Chir-r-r-r! So you are

going with him!" and Twit-twit angrily flew straight away out of sight.

Peweeet would have cried if she could, for she did not care a fly for Chir-a-chir, and she thought very much of Twit-twit; but she was too proud to let any one see that she was grieved by his conduct; so she snapped up a careless bug, that came out of its hole to see if its mate was coming home to breakfast, and then went skimming along over the river for her own breakfast. Then she went away by herself, and thought of the cruel taunts of Twit-twit. Yes; she would show him how mistaken he was in thinking she was going to the Northern country with Chir-a-chir; she would go alone. Foolish? To be sure, she was very foolish; but a great many people do foolish things under impulses of pride and adventure.

Little Peweeet could think of nothing else all day but her projected journey; and indeed, she slept but little all night, for she determined to start the next morning. And so she did. As soon as the morning broke, with the crimson deepening in the east, she was up and away. I don't know how she knew which way was north, but she flew as straight towards the North star as if she had studied navigation, and shaped her course by the mariner's compass.

She was fairly exuberant with delight, and wheeled, and darted, and poised herself in a hundred graceful ways. It was so grand to get such a start of her companions; and Twit-twit would think she was dead, and he would see how wrongly he had accused her. The fresh northern breeze upheld her shining wings, that fairly glittered in the sunlight, and when she sank down at night into a full blossomed peach-tree, she thought herself the wisest little swallow in the world. The next day she came to the ocean; her courage faltered a little as she looked out upon the boundless expanse of water. She shivered, too, for the air was colder, but she remembered that other birds had crossed the ocean, and she thought what one swallow had done another could do, so she went boldly forwards.

But the wind began to blow, and the beautiful wings of Peweeet were ruffled in the blast; she flew lower and lower, but the storm beat upon her till she felt that she must sink down into the angry billows, she was so weak and weary. Just as she was about to give up the contest and die, she saw a ship riding the waves. All her sails were furled and clewed to the masts, yet her timbers creaked and groaned as though she too would soon go down into the roaring billows. With one last, fierce, despairing effort, Peweeet fluttered down upon her rigging, and was saved. In the morning the sun was shining, and Peweeet started again, a little stiff and feeble at first, but she soon came in sight of land, and all her old ambition and energy revived. It was a warm day for spring, and she sped on, full of self-congratulation that she was getting along so well alone. Her diet was rather meagre, to be

sure, for it was yet too cold for bugs and flies to come out of their winter quarters in abundance; but Peweeet was not a great eater.

She flew on, over hundreds of miles of land, and at last alighted near a small village. "This is a quiet spot," said she; "here I will stop. My wanderings are over. I am certainly a most wonderful and adventurous bird." She picked at her pretty wings again, and turned her little head proudly.

A little boy was walking with his father; he spied Peweeet making an airy circle over the stream, and cried—"Oh, father! there's a swallow! Summer has come. You said it would be summer when the swallows came."

"Yes, my son; but one swallow does not make a summer. Poor swallow, has come too early, I fear."

"Spare your pity," thought Peweeet; "I am very well contented."

So the days went by, and she was very happy, though she sometimes went to bed hungry. But one day the north wind blew, and snow, and hail, and rain came down. Peweeet was so cold she could scarcely fly. She crept into a sheltered place, out of the rain and sleet, but the cold was very intense, and she was chilled through and through. For two days there was not a bug to be found, and with the cold and hunger, Peweeet grew so feeble and sick that she thought she would die. She sat on the branch of the apple-tree. Perhaps it was a rheumatic fever that made her shiver so. One of her tender feet was frozen and badly swollen. Long after the storm was over, and the days were mild and warm, she still sat there, too weak to move. At length she fluttered down upon the ground, hoping to find a morsel of food. She did find two or three bugs and a large worm, but she could not get back to the apple-tree. Two or three days went by, and still Peweeet lingered here. But at last a huge cat heard her rustle. She saw the cat, and the cat saw her. A sickening horror seized her. She determined to make a last effort for her life. Nearer and nearer came the cat. She crouched for a spring. Peweeet could see the deadly fire in her eyes. She put forth every effort, and succeeded in flying a little way, but drooped upon the ground again. The cat crept nearer, and Peweeet gave a shrill cry, and flew a little farther. She knew she must die; but her cry was answered by another, sharp and piercing, and another swallow swooped down towards the murderous enemy; then he flew off and came down with another shrill shriek, till the cat turned from poor Peweeet to the new comer. Peweeet now put forth all her remaining strength, and succeeded in regaining the apple-tree.

But who was her deliverer? She did not remain long in doubt, for he soon darted towards her with a graceful circuit, and alighted on a branch above her. Twit-twit! She could not hide her joy at seeing him once more, but she only said—"I should have been killed if you hadn't come, Twit-twit."

"But you'd rather see Chir-a-chir, I suppose?"

"I don't know what you always tease me about him for!" Peweeet really felt grieved.

"You always were so fond of him."

"You know better, Twit-twit; I never cared a feather for him."

"You can't be in earnest? Why, he told me himself that you were coming north together, and going to build a nest."

"It's false! He did ask me once how I would like to come north, and I told him I would like it very much."

"And that is all?"

"Of course it is."

Twit-twit hopped round half a dozen times. "Peweeet," said he, in his sweetest tones—"my dear Peweeet, shall we build a nest together?"

"My foot is too lame to build a nest," pettishly.

"Nonsense! It will be well in a few days, and I will do all the hard work. We won't begin for a week."

"Just as you say," said Peweeet, with all the indifference in the world.

But Twit-twit did not mind that. He was so overjoyed that he could scarcely contain himself; so, as the wisest thing he could possibly do, he flew away, and brought Peweeet a fat worm for her supper.

In a few days Peweeet, with the loving care of Twit-twit, was quite recovered from all the dire effects of her foolish adventure, and they began to think of building a nest.

"There is a nice, sunny place on the side of the barn here," said Twit-twit; "let us build here."

So they set about it, bringing moist clay from the roadside, and straws from the barn-yard. Peweeet once came flying with a very long straw streaming from her beak, and Twit-twit set up a twittering well worthy of his name. They worked awhile in the morning, and left it to dry. Peweeet was anxious to finish the nest at once, for she was a very enthusiastic bird, as you know. "It will seem so sweet to have a little nest of our own," said she.

"Certainly, my charming Peweeet," said her mate; "but don't you know that haste makes waste, and if we try to make our nest in a day, it will not dry hard enough, and will fall down with its own weight?"

Peweeet looked as wise as an owl, but she did not understand it any better, so she only replied—"Well, I don't know much about building nests, you know."

So they worked a little each day, and the sun hardened it, so that it held firmly to the wall. Then there came a storm, and they were obliged to suspend their labors. It was a long, hard storm, and when it was over, they found that their nest was entirely washed away, only a few crumbs of the foundation clay remaining.

Twit-twit was sadly discouraged, but Peweeet said—"Never mind, we can build another. Only

think how much worse it would have been if it had been finished, and there were eggs in it."

"So it would, wise little head. Yes; it is easier to lose our nest than to lose our eggs or little ones. We will build another."

So they chose a safe, sheltered place in the top of the barn, and flew in and out of the window with their building materials. Here the rain could not come, and it was soon finished, and lined with soft feathers.

It was a proud day for the happy pair when the nest was finished; but there never was a prouder, happier pair of birds than these when the first dainty, speckled egg lay softly on its bed of down. Peweeet would scarcely allow Twit-twit to look at it, for fear he would break it, and she nestled down over it with a great deal of fussy dignity. I scarcely think she would have thought of eating, if Twit-twit had not occasionally brought her a fly or a grasshopper. Soon there was another egg, then another, till there were four.

How changed Peweeet had grown. From the vain, twittering little coquette, she had become a silent, careful, matronly swallow, sitting so patiently on her nest, while the once irritable Twit-twit brought her an hourly banquet of the choicest flies.

It was many days before there was any change in the eggs; but Peweeet had grown singularly patient, and at last her patience had its reward for, one morning, in place of the four smooth eggs four gaping mouths opened wide for food.

Such a blind, helpless little heap of nestlings, without feathers or wings. Indeed, there seemed to be little beside mouths, and the parent birds had quite as much as they could do to satisfy them. I cannot tell you how fond Peweeet was of her helpless, hungry little ones.

It was not long, however, before the little naked nestlings were covered with feathers, and began to flutter their tiny wings and chirp for food. Then Peweeet and Twit-twit had all they could do to bring flies and bugs to the chirping nestful. Great was their joy when the little ones could perch upon the edge of the nest and twitter a little. They were so large now that they filled the nest quite full, and if they had not been pleasant, good-tempered birds, they would have quarrelled for room. Children might learn a lesson from them, as the old poet said:—

"Birds in their little nest agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
To see children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

I wish I could stop here, or tell you how they all went back to the Southern land together, and lived happy ever after; but it was not so.

One morning Peweeet and Twit-twit were sitting together on a beam, after feeding their brood bountifully, and Peweeet said—"I didn't think when I was nearly frozen to death last spring, that I should live to spend such a happy summer. I don't think there is another pair of swallows in the village that

have got such a charming nestful of young ones as we have."

Twit-twit looked proud and happy, and said—"Yes, they are promising birds. They will soon be large enough to fly."

"I do hope they will, for I have lived in constant fear of cats and children all summer, though I have not said much about it. Boys and cats are terrible creatures!"

"So they are; but we have got along so well, that we need scarcely fear anything from them now. We will soon be ready to go back to our old Southern home. I scarcely thought I should be so happy with you, my pretty Pewee."

Pewee gave a little chirp of reproof for his flattery, and flew away to catch flies again, for she heard a rustle in the nest.

But there were some noisy, restless children came to visit at the Hall, and one day as they were climbing about the barn, they happened to spy these four little innocents sitting on the edge of their nest.

"Why don't they fly, coachman?" asked Edward.

"Oh, they ain't just big enough yet; wait a week or more, and they'll fly."

"They could fly now if they had a mind to. By Jove! I'll make 'em fly! I'll just knock that nest down, and they'll be glad to."

So this thoughtless boy threw a stick at the nest, knocking it down into the floor. Two of the birds were killed by the fall, while the cat, who had often sat upon the beam and watched them with an evil eye, now pounced upon the others, killing them with one stroke of her paw.

"That's too bad," said the coachman.

"The little fools! why didn't they fly, then? Give me a ride on the gray colt, there's a good fellow."

"No, you're a naughty boy."

"Well, where do swallows go in winter?"

"Down into the swamps."

"Into the water?"

"Yes; into the mud."

"You're fooling."

"Why, young man, my grandfather has found whole flocks of them in the marsh mud. But you're a naughty one to knock the nest down."

And so perished these tender fledglings, the objects of so much love and care, cherished, and fed, and brooded, with almost human affection.

I cannot portray to you the anguish of the heart-stricken parents, when they came and found their home destroyed and their children killed. The piercing cries of Pewee would melt the hardest heart, as she darted again and again towards the cruel cat. But it was all in vain. They alighted on the top of the barn, and seemed quite crushed with grief, uttering now and then a heart-broken chirp, full of desolation and bereavement.

Archer Dane fairly wept with grief when he heard their wailing notes, for he understood them, and he knew this plaintive wail meant—"Our pretty ones are dead—dead—dead!"

They soon after disappeared. Archer Dane said they went so suddenly, that he could not tell which way they went. They might have sunk in the marsh, but he thought they went back in their desolation to the South.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE TEETH.

No. 8.

BY HENRY S. CHASE, M. D.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

It is very much to be regretted that artificial teeth are a necessity. Probably the best dental skill in the world, applied from infancy to old age, could not in every instance prevent the necessity for artificial substitutes. Yet, if the condition of the art was *universally* as good as the *best* talent it now contains, and if all persons gladly availed themselves of it in season, then a set of artificial teeth would be a curiosity worth advertising for Barnum's Museum.

The present "rage" for artificial teeth is very humiliating to the properly educated dentist. He daily beholds the folly of those who fail to appreciate the value of the natural organs, and negligently or wantonly allow them to decay without resorting to those remedial means which would save them; namely, cleanliness, and an early visit to a competent operator. But as people will sacrifice their natural teeth to indolence, neglect and pride, I give them

some advice in regard to substitutes. Perhaps I have been too uncharitable in my remarks. I know it is true that thousands who have been anxious to save their own teeth, and have done their duty as far as they knew it, have been abominably abused and humbugged by incompetent operators. A person who calls himself a dentist, having the care of a lady's teeth, who trusts to him for their salvation, and who is assured by him that they are "all right" and will last a lifetime, and who, after about five years have elapsed, finds his miserable operations fail, and recommends to his hopeless patient "extraction" and "a new set," ought to be sent to the penitentiary for life, so that he could do no more mischief. This is not an extreme case; it is so common that it attracts no notice from the public who have come to believe that it "does no good to plug teeth." This class of dentists are a pest to the world; but there is no way to get rid of them excepting to let them alone. But you may not know how to keep out of their clutches. Let me tell you. You should be suspicious of a cheap dentist, one who advertises to perform operations much less than his neighbors. You should be suspicious of a dentist who, in advertising, makes ARTIFICIAL TEETH the promi-

ment subject of his "notice." You should avoid a young dentist, who has not graduated at a dental or medical college. No instructor has a right to send, neither has a dental student a right to go out into the world and claim the confidence of the suffering public, without the diploma of a dental college. Before you yield your confidence to any man, inquire particularly of many patients into the *permanence* of his fillings. If the report is unfavorable, go not near him; seek farther. In these days of dental colleges, any young man who has not ambition enough to graduate at one of these institutions, will not have ambition enough to perform his operations on the natural teeth *honestly and well*. It is the highest ambition of a true dentist to save the natural teeth. It is the highest ambition of quacks to make artificial teeth, but particularly to *make money*.

I have said more on this subject than I intended, and after all, shall talk but little about the *nodes* of artificial teeth in this lecture. I will however speak of

PIVOT TEETH.

When any one of the six upper front teeth have decayed so as to be past repair the *crown* should be removed, and a new one fastened to the root. It has become quite too common to extract these roots and put teeth in a plate; but unless the *back* teeth are

so decayed as to require extraction, the front teeth should be by all means placed upon the natural roots; they are as durable, and more comfortable and natural than when set on a "plate." I have known the same roots to be used for this purpose for twenty-five years. Much discredit has been brought upon this operation by harsh and careless manipulations, and those patients whose experience has proven unfavorable in regard to it, have fallen into bad hands.

Persons who wish teeth set in this way should not delay having it done as soon as they know that the natural crown cannot be saved. If the operation is postponed, the root decays, particularly in the pulp cavity which becomes so enlarged as to render the root too frail to sustain the artificial crown. One great advantage in this mode of substitutes is, that no plate or fixture has to be worn in the mouth. These teeth take up no more room than the natural ones, and do not have to be removed for any purpose, being fastened singly and firmly to each individual root. If you go to a skilful operator, you will not be disappointed. If your dentist tells you "it is not a good way," do not let him perform the operation, but go to some one whose successful experience has taught him that, in his hands, "it is a good way."

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

(To be continued.)

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

SUMMER PLEASURE.

"The Home Circle" is resolved to give the old subject an airing, whether the town or country is most desirable during the summer time. The "editorial chair," in the last number of the Home Magazine, took occasion to express itself in favor of quiet in the city for real comfort and enjoyment, but it receives a severe castigation over the shoulders of a less fortunate piece of furniture (viz., a certain "Round Table") the present month, in a spirited letter from one who, being in the country, is well calculated to appreciate its beauties, and certainly draws for us a very attractive picture of the same. We feel decidedly rebuked in view of our position, and modestly offer no apology, but fall back before the spirited attack of our lively adversary.

COUNTRY versus TOWN,
WITH A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY.

Some months ago, a knight of the "Round Table" undertook to enter the lists with a shield, on which was inscribed the above motto, only *vice versa*. Permit a humble member of the "Square Table" to run a tilt and handle a lance (i. e., the pen, which is mightier than the sword), with this same unknown champion of civic honors. When such epithets as "want of shade, the absence of ice-water (and we may add of ice-cream also), poor and scant supplies of vegetables, scarce and wormy fruit, sweltering feather beds, vermin-infested bedsteads, cow-oil for butter," &c., &c., are heaped upon the devoted heads of "country cousins," we may conclude that the gauntlet is fairly thrown down for them to take up.

Now we never undertook to assert that, in the oppressive summer months, when the dog-star is sup-

posed to have run mad, and from hence given its name to the dog-days, that the country is not at times "hot as a bake-oven." If it were not so, where would be the waving golden heads of the harvest field, the deep green of the rustling corn, the sunny side to the peach, the mellow apple, or the heavy swaths of purpling clover, more fragrant with its hundreds of thousands of blossoms than the "*eau de millefleurs*" of the fashionable belle? Verily, if Mr. Round Table possesses such bad taste as to prefer a promenade on "the shady side of the street, or beneath the store awnings," with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade, to a seat beneath our grand old trees, with the cooling winds, that are always to be caught somewhere, lifting and rustling their myriads of leaves with a sound like the rushing of wings, why then—we are sorry for him, that's all.

It is true that a stroll or ride on our dusty highways at meridian is not pleasant. But there are rambles at early dawn and on moonlight eves; there is velvet sward or thymy uplands for dainty feet; there are deep, pathless woods, with strange wild blossoms to gather; berries without any flavor of the "green-backs" for which they must be exchanged in the market; musical brooks tinkling over white pebbles; with bird-harps on every bush and tree. Who wants to hear, instead of these, the roar of the great metropolis, with, on breathless summer nights, the monotonous cry of "hot corn" for a variety? Truly, not we.

But "Round Table" laments that ice-water, ice-cream, choice fruit and vegetables, are not come-at-able in the country. In other words, they don't come to table. Where could this grumbling individual have spent his midsummer vacations? Apparently in some civilized Sahara, where green spots and cooling fountains were, like the oases of the desert, few and far

between; or with some sluggard, too thrifless to attend to his early peas and potatoes; or perhaps with some mercenary wretch, so greedy of dollars and cents as to deprive his own table of its vegetables and fruit to enrich the city market-stalls. As to ice, we have little need of it, when the sparkling draught of living waters stands so ready at our doors to refresh the thirsty lip. Yet we have no lack of ice-houses attached to our homesteads, nor of ice-cream saloons in our villages and towns. Besides, every farmer's wife who has this natural luxury at hand, may, with a small freezer, or, if that is wanting, a close tin pail, supply her table with but little cost.

Then as to sleeping arrangements. Feather beds have so long been an institution in the family, and make up such a considerable part of its wealth, that it has been difficult to effect a reform in the matter. Two or three of these, manufactured, of course, from home produce, with a goodly complement of blankets and patch-work quilts, have from time immemorial been assigned to each son or daughter, as his or her portion, with which to begin housekeeping. But fashion changes all things; and we are happy to be able to inform "Round Table" that curled hair mattresses are beginning to come in use. And, as country people are generally full-blooded "Yankees" in their inventive faculties and untiring industry, we may hope that at no distant period our houses may all be furnished with these *desiderata*. Corn-husks, shred rags, even waste paper, have been applied to this purpose by the ingenious and economical. Then as to those troublesome little "brown creeturs," best and most euphoniously called "chinchies" in ears polite, we have in a dozen years' experience not seen as many; while we have known city houses perfectly infested with them, besides, which is far more disagreeable, a disgusting species of vermin, almost unknown in our country pantries and kitchens.

Lastly, and most aggravated of all, we come to "cow-oil for butter." We don't believe in the article. Let "Round Table" only take a peep at our cool milk-houses buried up in the shadows of the maples; see the pans, with their thick yellow cream, standing in the stone troughs, which are filled with water of as low a temperament as his famous ice-pitcher; or watch the golden lumps that are turned forth from the churn, sweet as a nut and firm as the nature of the article admits. The only kind of oil we are acquainted with here is petroleum; and though we have not as yet "struck it," we are greatly interested in its consumption. No longer do we envy our city neighbors their gas, for a purer, steadier flame now lights up our houses. And not only so, but the application of this newly-discovered agent will in time remove many of "Round Table's" objections to a country life, since it not only destroys the "curculio," whose ravages produce "wormy fruit," but is also an effectual remedy against the before-mentioned house vermin.

But, seriously (for of course our thrusts have as yet been intended only to parry attacks, not to assault an opponent), it is full time that this antagonism between town and country should cease. It is too much the custom for the former to sneer at the latter as "green and clownish," merely because the hands of her sons are embrowned by honest toil, and their persons are not clothed in broadcloth and fine linen every day. They have become used to hear farmers and their wives represented as a sort of Darby and Joan affair; and the ideas of too many running in a circle, they cannot get out of the beaten track. They should open their eyes a little, and note the signs of the times. Railroads and telegraph wires have brought

town and country so closely together, that the difference between the inhabitants of either is so small as to be almost invisible. The startling news that electrifies the city masses at every corner, reaches each country station with lightning speed, and stirs the pulse of the nation. The latest issues of the press, the monthly periodicals, all the literature of the day, are found on our tables, and are, perhaps, more intelligently perused, more closely studied and widely discussed, than with you, for in our retirement we gain more leisure for reading and study than in the rush and whirl of the vast Babel is possible for you to secure.

Let our city friends, then, no longer imitate the aristocrats of the so-called "southern chivalry," and raise a cry of "mudsills," finding at last that the comforts and luxuries depend very much on the industry and enterprise of the rural districts. Let these "country cousins" no more have to complain, that, after entertaining their city relatives or friends for the summer, and bearing with all their whims, they are looked down upon and received with a coldness if they venture to accept their polite invitations to return the visit. A mutual understanding of the habits and peculiarities of each other will help to establish a true equilibrium. We are in no case to judge the whole by a part. One locality, upon which we may have unhappily fallen, may be destitute of most of the conveniences and many of the comforts to which we have been accustomed. The people may be rough and untutored, and even with all real kindness of heart, destitute of true politeness. Shall we, then, sweepingly include all country people in the same censure?

Come and let us be better acquainted with each other. Come to us in the early spring, when nature is putting on her beautiful garments, touching with her magic wand the meadows and hillsides, and unlocking the silent streams. Listen with us to the notes of the wood-robin, and watch with us for the pale pink buds of the trailing arbutus, and the scarlet partridge berries that have hidden themselves all winter beneath the dry leaves of the forest.

Come to us in the summer time, when the roses are in their flush of bloom and embower every window. We will give you the first red ripe strawberry and the plump crimson cherry. You may swing on the swaying branches of the trees, and share your feast with the birds as they seem to scream with laughter because Nature has been so lavish of her good things. Then you shall hear voices in the summer air, and read poems in the blossoming trees, and let cares and anxieties have the go-by. And in merry harvest time you may join in the general thanksgiving to God the great Giver, whose care is over all His works.

Come to us when sober autumn dons her mantle of russet brown. There is the sound of dropping nuts in the deep woodlands—the ringing voices of happy children as they gather their winter stores. Our orchards then are laden with rich, mellow fruit; our fields golden with ripened corn. When the dreamy haze of the fair Indian summer is upon us, then we grow thoughtful and wise.

Come to us when old winter shakes his hoary locks and bids all nature sleep. Even then the country is beautiful. The pure white snow! how unsullied by the tramp of busy feet, how softly it wraps the earth in its warm covering! Come, then, in your best and most genial mood, for winter is the time for social enjoyment. With your books, your work, or merry chat, you shall share all the privileges and claim all the immunities of the

SQUARE TABLE.

LITTLE LINNIE.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

"But though thou bear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name?
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same."

Of in grief's dread shadow straying,
With a heart o'erbrimming full,
Have I mourned the swift decaying
Of the loved and beautiful.
I have trod a pathway darkened,
Trod it wearily and lone,
While I hearkened, vainly hearkened
For a sweetly vanished tone.
But a calm came with the morrow
To my bosom's heaving tide,
For I only dreamed of sorrow
Till our Little Linnie died.

The dear azure heaven is shrouded
Of those orbs of tender blue,
Or my own, with mists beclouded,
They have darkened to my view.
But in vain my sore repining,
Howsoever that may be,
For if still undimmed their shining,
They are turned away from me.
And no solace can I borrow
From the days that darkly glide,
For my first, last, only sorrow,
When our Little Linnie died.

Dear, how can I live without thee?
If no more to feel the twine
Of thy gentle arms about me,
Or thy tiny hand in mine.
Still to miss thy soft caressing,
Through the darkened days to be,
For thou wast the rarest blessing
From the angel life to me.
Only in the heavens above me,
Where the beautiful abide,
Were there any more to love me,
When our Little Linnie died.

Though I vainly yearning, nightly
Woo thee from the realm of dreams,
Seek thy radiant footstep lightly
Wandering by the crystal streams,
See the lonely twilight darken,
All unlit of love's delight,
Though still evermore to hearken
For thy nevermore "good-night,"
By the deeper love I bore thee,
Than all other love beside,
Though my grief may not restore thee,
Though our Little Linnie died.

Though the ages may not claim thee,
For this darkened earth again,
Though my waiting lip shall name thee,
Long, and lovingly, in vain;
I shall clasp my little maiden,
In all angel graces grown,
If the years, with sorrow laden,
Do but bear me to mine own.
Clasp again the early taken,
Latest loved, love's only pride,
To this lone heart, hope forsaken,
When our Little Linnie died.

LITTLE PRAIRIE ROWDE, MICHIGAN.

VOL. XXVI.—15

Cape May, August 10th, 1865.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE.—Our paternal ancestor has been for some time sorely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, which attacked him suddenly, some years since, in the right foot. In speaking to our friends at large of this affliction, we call it the gout; but in the privacy of the home circle, when the patient is present, we approach the subject with rare caution, and allude to it only by the delicate name given above. This little evasion is simply a sanitary measure upon our part, induced by the remembrance of certain unfortunate experiences in the earlier stages of the disease, when one was plunged into deepest disgrace by the bare mention of the odious word within ear-shot of the afflicted party.

It was scandalous, avowed that injured individual, that the mere name of the gout should be used in connection with the pure, healthy, New England blood of the Dawsons, which had never known a taint of dissipation in it since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. Likely, indeed, that it should come upon him—than whom no man in the United States had been more abstemious in his appetites, more particular in his eating and drinking.

"Particular to have the very best of everything," muttered Tom, aside, to me.

I glanced reprovingly at the hollow spot where should have been located the bump of veneration in the head of my elder brother, which glance often induced silence in that individual when inclined to be restive under paternal whims, and gradually we all learned to humor the old gentleman and to call the disease rheumatism, or wisely to avoid mention of the same in his presence.

Not so fortunate, however, have been our friends, some of whom were unacquainted with the family tactics, and therefore treated the subject with undisguised candor. Well, I remember the misfortunes of an officious young physician (he had just graduated at New Haven, and thought himself more learned than he ever will again), who, with an ingenuousness most delightful to behold, but most fatal in his profession, declared the disease to have originated in the luxurious habits of the patient. He was forbidden the house as an "ignorant upstart," and candidly admonished, much to his astonishment, to relinquish an employment upon which he would never reflect any credit.

But this gout, if it was the skeleton in the family closet, was indirectly a good fairy too, since it brought to Tom and I many enjoyments otherwise out of our reach, among which we reckoned a yearly visit to the various watering-places during the summer months.

Hitherto we had only tried the "Springs" for the patient, dipping him alternately in the hot, the cold, the sulphurous, the Chalybeate, with but very little success beyond temporary relief. I had been a school-girl, and had seen but very little of society, but this year Tom and I decided upon a summer's campaign of unusual gaiety. We must go to the seaside. So we began insinuatingly to discourse upon the benefits of sea air and salt water for rheumatics, and by dint of much persuasion carried the point at last, and were ordered to pack our trunks and set our faces oceanward.

Excuse so much digression upon family matters, dear "Home Circle," but that explains how we came to be domiciled with our bags and baggage, and my two yards of "anndown," in the capacious Columbia House at Cape May.

Here we have spent some weeks most delightfully, which, but for one unfortunate little episode, should

be reckoned as the most charming period of my existence.

It being, as I have said, my first year "out," brother Tom took occasion upon our first arrival to give me a long lecture in private upon the course of conduct which I should pursue during my stay, and concluded with a homily upon the young gentlemen inmates of the hotel, which, considering he was liable to be placed in the same category, was disinterested to say the least. "Now, sis," was his concluding direction, "don't be silly and fall in love, or allow any advances from these young swells. They are for the most part adventurers, or characterless flirts, seeking, either to inveigle a fortune like yours, or to wile away the summer days with a new sensation, and I don't want you to become a victim to the former, or to be laughed at as the sport of the latter." Thus forewarned—I determined to be forearmed—against any attack of that (according to Tom) most specious form of the adversary—a young man. There was a most bewitching major, besprinkled with buttons as thickly as the skies with stars, who sought an early introduction and invited me to an evening promenade—a young lawyer also, grown up somewhat puny in the shade of a tremendous mustache—but I turned nervously from all their approaches, and fled to the protection of my relatives or to the seclusion of my own apartments. "After all," said I, when some days of this retirement had passed, as one evening I saw Tom walking up and down the long piazza, his left ear in dangerous proximity to a head of golden curls which he had known but a few hours—"after all, one must have some society in this gay place—some one to talk to, some escort for one's convenience, when one's brother is engaged with other ladies," and I cast my eyes about for a suit of broadcloth which should be eligible to such a position.

Now fate had added to the list of our summer acquaintance a young divinity student of irreproachable choker and patent leathers, whose pious airs at first impressed me very favorably, and whose solemn, solitary, silent "grace" at table, amid the clatter of knives and forks, and dodging of black waiters, had convinced me of his devoted sanctity and irreproachable character.

"Here is an acquaintance," I said, in my wisdom, "which may be encouraged without fear of misapprehension. Too conscientious for a wicked, trifling flirtation, and too honorable for mercenary devotion, I may accept his attentions without fear or restraint. It is said that away down in every feminine heart there is always a tender spot for a white cravat. Of course I refer to the necktie ministerial. Whether this may be true generally I am not prepared to say, but truth compels me to state that my tender locality lay very near the surface of the affectional organ, and are many days the "white cravat" had cozily nestled there. I did not love the man, but I was by degrees awed and overpowered into submission. At first my new acquaintance astonished me with the extent and variety of his knowledge. He would discourse learnedly upon subjects of which I had not the faintest conception, and in my weak intellect quite stunned and overpowered with long words and lofty ideas,

— "Brill the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew."

Then he could descend, like Silas Wegg, "in a friendly way," into poetry, and soon gave me to understand that German and French literature were as familiar to him as that of his mother tongue. Is it any wonder, in view of these remarkable accom-

plishments, that my silly brain should have been quite turned, and that I should have believed my demi-god when descending to subjects within my comprehension, he informed me that dancing was wicked and sinful beyond comparison—or that I should actually have said "grace" at the table in feeble imitation of my spiritual adviser, not indeed with my eyes rolled sublimely to the ceiling, but staring vacantly into the plate before me.

Two weeks passed thus in the enjoyment of what my companion was pleased to call the "communion of kindred spirits." Moonlight came, and we went down to the beach to see the moon rise across the ocean. I am sorry to say the glorious sight was quite lost to my vision, for the magnificent creature by my side was grandiloquently extolling his own perfections, reminding me indirectly, of course, of my unworthiness, and preparing me to realise his great condescension in making a proposal of marriage to my humble self.

"Will you," said he, rapturously, seizing my hand. "will you?"

What I might have uttered never transpired, for at that instant I felt a hand on my shoulder, and brother Tom's loud voice was heard exclaiming—

"Oho! little sis! So it's a 'Divinity that shapes our ends,' it appears. Before those 'proposals' are 'sealed,' Miss Glacina, I should like a few minutes' private conversation with you. Good evening, sir," and he marched me off across the sands in a most peremptory manner, saying, as he did so—"You little simpleton! I knew it would be so, I watched you. I saw what was coming, when last night you refused to dance the mazurka with your own brother on account of the exceeding sinfulness of such a proceeding. There has been quite enough of this nonsense. You must stop now, or I'll tell father."

"Oh, Tom! don't you think I would ever be good enough to be his—to be a minister's wife?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" the hateful fellow fairly roared as he replied, "A minister's wife! Well, that is too good! Why, sis, he's the most notorious flirt in this hotel. He'll never be a minister any more than you'll make a blue-stocking. Why, he's been a 'divinity student' for ten years at least. It's his stock in trade, by which he expects to make a fortune out of some silly little puss like you. Aint I a glorious fellow now, to have saved you from this. Go to bed. Good night."

I didn't think he was a "glorious fellow," though, for I didn't believe a word he said, and the next morning, before I said the usual grace, I looked slyly all round for my "spiritual adviser." He was nowhere visible. I have never seen him since. I was perfectly inconsolable. But that was several days ago. Temporee mutantur. Yours confidingly, "GLACINA."

The following exquisite little poem has been published as from the pen of Jean Ingelow. This is a mistake. It was written by Robert S. Chilton, and was published in the *Knickerbocker*, in June, 1881:—

HEART'S-EASE.

I went to gather heart's-ease

When the bright sun sank to rest,

Drawing all his sheaves of sunlight

To his garner in the west.

When the blossoms and the leaves,

Losing all their golden glow,

In the slowly gathering twilight

Faintly fluttered to and fro.

All the ground was starred with May-bloom,
Everywhere they met my eye,
But I went to gather heart's ease,
So I passed all others by.
Oh, my soul was ne'er so joyous
As it was in those glad hours
When I wandered light and careless
Near the wood-side, plucking flowers!

And I gave them all to you, dear,
Then I looked up in your face,
And I wondered I could fancy
That the flowers had my grace.
Then it was I gathered heart's ease,
Then it was, dear heart, I found
That the glory of the May-blooms
Did not lie upon the ground.

We trust the writer of the following will forgive us for transcribing a few words to the "Home Circle" from the confidential communication which accompanied the poetry, but they speak so truly of the anguish which so many have known, of afflictions which have fallen so thickly around us all, that we cannot but repeat them here. This is but the record of one among the thousands who have known similar trials, who have sacrificed and suffered all things for country's sake, for each and all of whom we have ever a cordial sympathy, and a kindly regard. In reference to the "Welcome," our friend writes:—

"These lines were written weeks ago, when the lists of the killed and wounded in the last battles had not all come to hand, and when I, happy in the thought of welcoming five brave brothers from the army, little dreamed of the thick clouds of gloom that were gathering around our home circle. The pride and pet of the family, the youngest son and brother in the service, fell at Rice Station, Virginia, April 6, 1865, pierced by three balls, either of which would have produced death. Then followed that long agonizing suspense, in which heart and brain became almost paralyzed—weeks later the terrible shock of his death which nearly crushed us to the earth—later still, we were permitted to bring his remains home for burial. Yet, though the shadow of a great grief is upon me, I have a hearty welcome and a 'God bless you' for every brave defender of free government."

"WELCOME HOME."

Inscribed to the Wives and Mothers of Returning Volunteers.

BY IDA APTON.

Since Freedom's wall from Sumter's walls,
Swept, maddening, through the North,
As flies the bee from flower to hire,
Have loyal ones rushed forth,
Brave boys!

Strong were their arms, and brave their hearts to dare
The thundering cannon of the foe, and sabres flashed
In air.

What time the deadly tempest hurried
"The Fire against the Palm,"
'Twas yours to nobly cheer them on,
Yet suffer and be calm.

Now more,
Now, doth their country need your warriors true,
From hard fought battles, victor-crowned, she sends
them back to you.

No more the war-steed snuffeth, now,
The battle from afar;
From crag to crag the eagle screams,
"Undimmed is every star."
Shout, shout!
Strike, strike the bells, fling out the "Stripes" and
Stars!"
For Liberty no longer weeps, 'neath flaunting "Stars
and Bars."

Oh, lips that firmly bade them go,
Yet blanched with sad farewells,
Now shout aloud your welcome home,
O'er hills and leafy dells.
Home, home!
Home where the loved ones 'round the hearthstone
meet,
With tear-dimmed eyes and yearning hearts, their
Soldiers, brave, to greet.

They come, they come! the hill-sides, 'round
Prolong our glad halloos—
With war-drums hushed, and sabres sheathed,
Shout loud the joyous news!
Home, home!
Shout! strike the bells, fling out the "Stripes" and
Stars."
For Liberty no longer weeps, 'neath Treason's "Stars
and Bars."

DEAR "ARTHUR":—I send you the following incident, which was related to me by a friend, for the Home Circle:—

An itinerant lecturer, somewhat noted for his eccentricity, when on a lecturing tour on one occasion, stopped over night at a house which was situated on the banks of a river. This was in the good old days, "some twenty years ago," when one room in the house frequently constituted both the kitchen and sitting-room. Such was the case in the present instance. During the evening, while the landlord and his guest, the lecturer, were busily conversing, the worthy landlady was no less busily engaged in ironing some clothes. But while thus engaged, something did not go just right, when she thoughtlessly exclaimed:—

"Dear me! I wish this iron was in the river!"
These words drew the lecturer's attention, and, stopping short in the conversation, he turned to look at the person who had spoken them. Accordingly, no sooner had she put down the iron, than the eccentric guest got up from his seat, went to the place where she had placed it, took it up, went to the window overlooking the river, and, opening it, flung the iron as far as he could out into the stream.

He then resumed his seat, and continued the conversation as if nothing had happened. When the woman's amazement had a little subsided, she made bold enough to ask an explanation, when the guest replied:—

"I meant no harm by what I have done. I merely wanted to execute your wish for you."

Hereupon the party entered into a hearty laugh, the subject was good-naturedly discussed, and it was unanimously agreed that it was wrong, and even sinful, to express the nonsensical and absurd wishes that are often made. J. E. B.

"Many persons are like the murmuring farmer, who wanted sunshine for his wheat and barley, and rain for his grass and turnips, all at the same time! Murmuring persons think everything done by themselves too much, and everything done for them, too little."—Dyer.

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

I am composed of 54 letters. My 31, 14, 6, 7, 5, is a Union general; my 1, 47, 45, 27, 13, 14, is a boy's name; my 44, 3, 4, 6, is not hard; my 50, 51, 52, 16, 11, is what all should avoid; my 54, 53, 42, is a color; my 46, 26, is a pronoun; my 28, 29, 30, 12, 10, 54, is used for the table; my 2, 3, 5, is what we dislike to see; my 8, 19, 20, is a carpenter's tool; my 9, 21, 26, 16, 11, is what we could not do without; my 18, 16, 42, is a nickname; my 40, 22, 38, 45, 34, 32, is a shell fish; my 17, 10, 51, is a number; my 45, 56, 36, 51, 18, 36, 37, 43, 10, is a place of business; my 23, 25, 24, 41, 34, 18, is a general; my 35, 46, 47, 52, 46, 7, 40, 6, is a girl's name; my 49, 48, 49, 49, 22, is an animal; my 49, 53, 41, is very useful. My whole is a proverb that every one should remember.

J. W. B.

II.

I am composed of 22 letters. My 21, 19, 8, 2, is the muse who presides over history; my 18, 1, 12, 13, 4, 6, was a celebrated city of Greece; my 6, 14, 3, 3, 22, 9, 18, 3, is an English poet; my 15, 18, 19, 2, 3, was one of the seven wise men of Greece; my 17, 20, 9, 10, 2, 19, is a small fire-arm; my 11, 18, 19, 7, is sacred. My whole is a true saying.

J. H. B.

III.

CHARADES.

My *first*, you will say, is no business of mine,
Though it shines in the heavens so bright;
My *second* is the foe of the robber and thief,
A capital watchman at night.

My *whole* lays its silver with pencil of down
On the soldier's lone grave in the field;
It climbs to the turret, and trembles, and sleeps
On the cross of the temples we build.

IV.

My *first* dwells in the middle of the sea,
Among the blue waves sparkling full and free;
My *second* moves in every passing gale,
An indication never known to fall;
My *third* may be distilled from choicest flowers,
That ever deck sweet Flora's fairest bowers;
My *whole* is fleeting—that you may rely;
You can't retain it long, howe'er you try.

V.

How can a person in one word assert that he is just,
and yet deny it? *I'm-partial*, (impartial.)

That he is modest, and yet deny it? *I'm-mo-dest*, (immodest.)

That he is vicious, and yet deny it? *I'm-mor-al*, (immoral.)

That he must die, and yet deny it? *I'm-mor-tal*, (immortal.)

Faultless, and yet deny it? *I'm-per-fect*, (imperfect.)
Forgiving, and yet deny it? *I'm-plac-a-ble*, (implacable.)

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN AUGUST NUMBER:—1
Scotland. 2 Contraband. 3 Southern Confederacy.
4 Legend. 5 Abraham Lincoln.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Some kind friends have sent us a few excellent receipts; we shall feel very grateful to others who will bestow similar favors.

LOAF CAKE.—Three cups of yeast, three and a half cups of sugar, two cups of butter, one cup of sour milk, four eggs; stir the butter, sugar and eggs together; two teaspoons of soda; nutmeg, cinnamon and raisins.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, half a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoon of soda.

CREAM CAKE.—Beat two eggs in a tea-cup; fill the cup with thick, sweet cream; add one cup of white sugar, one of flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar, half teaspoon of soda; bake in long pans.

LEMON PIE.—A tablespoon of starch to a teacup of boiling water, a teacup of sugar, one egg, and the grated peel and juice of a lemon; baked between two crusts.

VICTORIA CAKE.—Mix well a quarter of an ounce of baking-powder with half a pound of flour; beat a

quarter of a pound of butter to a cream; add to it two eggs, well beaten, and a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf-sugar. Then gradually blend this mixture with the flour, and make it into a paste. Dredge a little flour on the board, and lay on it a piece of paste about the size of an egg; roll it round very lightly, and make it shapely with the hand; lay it on an iron baking-plate, and press it gently till it assumes the shape of a bun, about four inches in diameter. Leave a good space between each cake, as they spread in the baking. Let the oven be moderately hot; they will take about ten or twelve minutes.

MACCAROONS.—Blanch and beat half a pound of sweet almonds in a mortar with a spoonful of water till quite fine, gradually adding the whites of eight eggs, whisked or beaten to a froth; then mix in half a pound of loaf-sugar, finely powdered. Spread sheets of white paper on your baking-tin, and over that the proper wafer-paper; lay the paste on it in pieces about the size of a walnut, and sift fine sugar over. Bake carefully, in a moderately hot oven, and when cold, cut the wafer paper round. If you choose, you can lay two or three almond strips on the top of each cake as they begin to bake.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THEO LEIGH. By Miss Annie Thomas.

DENIS DOWNE. By Miss Annie Thomas.

ON GUARD. By Miss Annie Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Three very excellent additions to Harper's Library of Select Novels. The authoress displays a great deal of talent in these works, and bids fair to become very popular with the reading public of our country.

MISS MACKENZIE. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A story of a simple-hearted old maid, who, without money was of very little consequence in the world—who, with money created quite a sensation among the fortune hunters—and who, when her riches "took to themselves wings," dwindled again into insignificance, and ended her career in matrimony.

The story is told in Trollope's easy, quiet, sociable way, contains some excellent developments of character, and no little pathos, with a hit on religious cliques, most admirably made.

MARY, THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD. By the authoress of the "Schönberg Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd.

This work is quite different in its nature from any of the previous volumes from the same pen. It does not seem to be invested with the same interest that has distinguished the other popular writings of this author, who in a few months achieved a reputation in America which has rarely been equalled. The history of the virgin is involved in so much of mystery that beyond a few general facts, the incidents of her life are capable of very little elucidation, and all works upon this subject are of necessity incomplete and unsatisfactory. The authoress draws very many beautiful lessons from the experiences of the "Handmaid of the Lord," and the work contains much of Christian comfort and counsel.

"SUMMER STORY," AND OTHER POEMS. By T. Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The artist-poet has here painted for us a series of

pen-pictures, which for recommendation to general favor needs but to bear the name of their well-known author. "A Summer Story" is a very charming idyll in smoothly flowing verse, contrasting very pleasantly with the stirring war lyrics which complete the volume. Among the latter we find "Sheridan's Ride," than which, no piece of current literature has been more extensively read or more deservedly popular, since its first appearance in the daily papers several months ago.

THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT. Published by the American News Company—New York.

Containing, as the title page informs us, "The Patriotism and Political Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, as exhibited in his Speeches, Messages, Orders, and Proclamations, from the Presidential Canvas of 1860 until his Assassination, April 14, 1865."

The work is complete, compact, and useful. With very little of comment from the compiler, the great man here speaks for himself, and in these words, "being dead he yet liveth," having indeed "built a monument more enduring than brass."

BEIJAL. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A very unpromising title for a very fair story. This is No. 237 of Harper's Select Library.

COMPANION POETS FOR THE PEOPLE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We are very glad to welcome another of these truly valuable additions to the popular literature of this country. The last volume consists of the stirring national lyrics from the pen of the Quaker poet, Whittier.

LINWOOD. Boston: O. S. Felt.

This volume especially commends itself to young persons just entering upon the graver duties of life, for its purity of tone, and its careful discriminations between right and wrong. The characters in the story are well drawn, and act their parts like real men and women. "Linwood" is one of the books we can warmly recommend. Into whatever home it enters it will bring a pure and exalting influence.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

PLAIN TALK TO YOUNG WRITERS.

I have not yet so far outlived the memory of the first article which I sent to a publication of any real merit, as not to make the feeling of a fresh aspirant for literary fame in some sense my own. Of course I had done my share in the perpetration of school-girl rhymes, and some of these had found their way into the daily papers.

But the article to which I now allude would encounter a very different style of criticism—it would be in some sense a test of one's power in the field to which my thoughts and dreams had turned from my childhood.

I remember the mingled hopes and fears after the venture had been fairly made, and there was no possibility of recalling it. I remember as though it

all happened yesterday, that pleasant summer afternoon which brought the reply, and all the flutterings and forebodings, the dreamy doubts and timid hopes, which made a sick tumult of excitement within me as I leaned against the door when I heard the postman's well known voice: and I remember, too, a little later, the ecstatic joy of that moment when all was solved in a radiant certainty.

Yet there is a part of that time I should not like to live over again. And every author who launches out his little white sail on the waves of authorship has it freighted with dreams, and hopes, and fears, which have a family likeness to my own, and it is sad to think how few ever reach their desired haven—a column in the newspaper or magazine.

I presume that any publisher will tell you that at least nine-tenths of the articles submitted for publication are "respectfully declined." The ignorance and complaisance of people on this matter is to say the least amazing. Why, as a rule, everybody knows whether him, or herself, can play a tune or paint a picture, but as to writing a book—what a terrible opacity a great many sensible people exhibit in this matter.

Now, my dear young friend, do not trust your school-teacher implicitly when she assures you that your anniversary essay equals anything Macauley ever published, or your "Sonnet to the Moon," or "Adieu to your schoolmates," on the occasion of the summer vacation, rivals Longfellow's Psalm of Life. You may be a genius, but the probabilities are all against you. The world doesn't need many singers, and a very few in each generation who can festoon with the graceful draperies of rhyme, and idealise with the gold and purple raiment of eloquent prose the homely duties and toils, the joys and griefs, the loves and losses, the hopes and fears of this every-day life of ours, are all that are wanted.

The great company of men and women must belong to the workers; and is not this, after all, the grandest mission of life, to make, instead of to sing its heroisms, its self-sacrifices, to live courageously, cheerfully, faithfully?

Then, as music, and painting, and sculpture are all gifts, so is authorship. I do not suppose that any amount of study and application would have made for Scotland another sweet singer like Burns; and as all other occupations and professions in life, so in authorship one must have Nature's patent to succeed.

And do not expect, even though you have the "divine afflatus," to step at once to the shining heights of Fame. The road of authorship is hard, toilsome, long. If, in any case, you pursue it worthily, you will find it no mere pleasant pastime. It will tax all your powers and energies. It will demand of you assiduous cultivation and faithful adhesion.

In the dew and flush of your youth, when fancy and imagination are most active, and the golden land of the future lies in its mystery and glory before you, it is likely that your thoughts and dreams will seek to embody themselves in verse. That is all natural and right. Indeed, it seems to me that almost all youthful natures who have a degree of sensibility and imagination sufficient to interest life with some hues of grace and ideality, must, at some time, seek to incarnate these in the sweet expression of verse.

But, do not conclude, my reader, even though your rhyme finds its way into print, that your life-work necessarily lies in the field of literature; that its golden rewards and its green laurels, which, by the by, exist much more in fancy than in reality, will be yours. Thousands have failed who have been quite as confident of possessing the genius which should glorify themselves and illuminate mankind as you are. I would not utter one word to repress or chill with frosts of discouragement the ardor of those who feel within themselves the thrill of early inspirations, but even to these I would say that worthy authorship involves care, labor, responsibility, of which it is probable they little dream, and if where one succeeds a thousand fail, do not be disappointed because you are of the latter number. God and the world need your service in other fields than this one of the pen. I find out what you can best do in the world, and do it heartily, with your whole soul. Don't be a spasmodic, half-worker in the world; and beware that you do not go restlessly to and fro, seeking for some grand aim and mission.

If the work falls to you in lonely paths, in the quiet places of your own home, do not despise it.

I suppose that in the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, many mothers had loftier expectations and ambitions for their sons than that plain, humble woman, who has slept all these years under the tender grasses without even so much as a grave-stone to tell her name, or where she lived and died, but who brought up her son in the fear and love of God, and laid the foundations of that strong, true, honest manhood, in which he lived, and served his country, and died.

You do not know in these days for what you are living, though your own horizon be very limited; do not know how far your influence may reach, or what characters you may be impressing. Be faithful in the "little things," remembering that although these may now seem small, they may take vast meaning and dimensions in the future that is to try them. V. V. S.

THE NEW BOY.

The scene of our steel engraving this month, revives the memories of childhood with all of us.

Whether we made our debut in the miniature world of the school-room, among the select few of a "private" institution, or whether we first encountered life in one of those young republics, a common school, the leveling process was yet the same.

This experience comes at an age when boys are rough, it is true, but uncompromising, straightforward, and honest, before they have learned to recognize differences of aristocratic breeding or of moneyed influence. It was the age when Oliver Cromwell gave his playmate, the young prince, a sound thrashing in return for an insulting epithet.

The little fellow must needs in this hour stand upon his own responsibility among the noisy urchins with whom he is placed. Ere the first fifteen minutes have passed, they have tried the mettle of the new-comer, discovered the amount of "pluck" possessed, and granted him a position in their ranks accordingly. Woe to the unfortunate fellow who is found wanting in this trial, but lucky is he who comes off victor and gains the respect of his young tormentors.

After all, the trial is a good one for the boys. We pity the lad, reared in the exclusiveness of home, among private tutors and nurses, petted, and flattered, and caressed, his crooked paths made straight for him, the thorns carefully removed before him. Some day he must be jostled, crowded and levelled by the great world. The shock is less in boyhood than when years of maturity are attained.

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We have seen the advance sheets of a new work now in press, entitled "The Life, Times, and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln," which promises to take a leading place among the biographies of the Martyr President. This work views the President from the stand point ever popular with the people, as a man from the masses, as the champion of universal freedom, in which cause, indeed, he at last sacrificed even life itself.

The book is written by Dr. L. P. Brockett, a man eminently well fitted for the task he has undertaken, and is published by the enterprising house of Bradley & Co., of this city. Agents are now canvassing the States for subscriptions to this work, and we advise our readers to secure it, for we venture to predict that no more truthful or entertaining biography will be placed before the American public.